JOHN BULL, JULY 17, 1937

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXII.
1622.

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JOHN BULL

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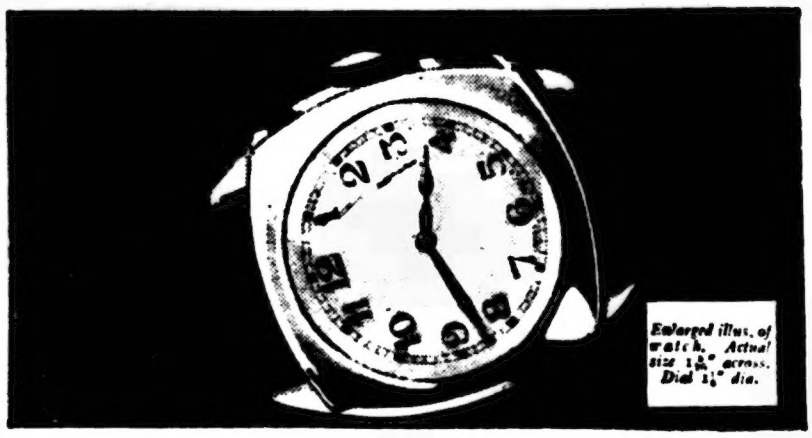
for "John Bull" Readers



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New Reader's Signature .....

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10 *for* 6d 20 *for* 1/- 25 *for* 1/3

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EVERYONE knows that a pure and plentiful water supply is essential for national health and well-being. Everyone, that is, except our apathetic authorities who, not content with dallying with the problems of flood and drought, persistently neglect the menace of water pollution.

Since the beginning of this year there have been repeated complaints from every part of the country—including Manchester, Derby, Glasgow, Dumbarton, Paisley, Maesteg, Llanberis, Cheam, Dover, and numerous other centres.

Even as we write news reaches us of alarm in Maldon, Essex, where a water main has become infected with arsenic poison for an area of half a mile.

At the present moment, too, there is serious pollution of the Thames in certain upper reaches, as a result of which it has been necessary to close the Windsor Corporation Baths and the Eton and Windsor Humane Baths.

The governors of Eton College had already closed their bathing pools because sewage was overflowing in the vicinity!

Now, when the damage is done, experts are "looking into" the problems.

The plain fact is that millions of gallons of poisonous sewage are emptied into rivers every day, and in many instances the systems in force are a disgrace.

SIR WILLIAM PRESCOTT, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board, quite recently admited that the machinery for securing the purity of water supplies, in some sections of the land, is greatly in need of improvement.

That is not putting it any too strongly.

Only a few weeks ago a man died in Tavistock Institution, Devon. Many questions have since been asked about the cause of his death. The suggestion has been made that drinking water he was given there was contaminated.

His death was officially reported as being due to diphtheria, but it is significant that a nurse at the institution was likewise affected after drinking some of the same water, and lay gravely ill for weeks. Then several other people contracted spotted fever, also believed to have been set up by polluted water.

An enquiry has now been held to trace the cause of the water infection, and it has been discovered that certain sewer pipes had been faultily laid during recent house erections in the vicinity. Pipes through which the sewage passed had not been properly cemented at their joints, and, leaking had contaminated the water used to supply the institution.

Many people in Tavistock and district are pressing for a Ministry of Health enquiry into the whole of the circumstances, which they consider should have been invited the moment the facts became known.

Now turn for a few moments to the other end of the country—Radcliffe, in Northumberland. Householders there have been complaining for months that their water has a most unpleasant taste and is not fit for human consumption. Small fish, frogs, and even worms are found in their tap supplies.

Local authorities regret that they cannot deal adequately with the problem at present, as the reservoir is so constructed that it cannot be regularly cleansed without the whole of the town's supply being suspended for several days!

There was an outbreak of dysentery and diphtheria at Llanberis, Carnarvon, a few weeks ago. Fortunately, there were no deaths, but several people became ill. Bacteriological experts investigated the matter and found a germ in the water which has so far baffled them. Steps are now being taken to improve the purity of the river from which the supply comes.

The people of Maesteg, since the early part of the year, have been complaining that the water they have to drink is constantly like mud.

Epidemics of dysentery and kindred ailments have been common lately, and it now comes to light that appropriate filtering plant is not available, and that cattle drink and paddle in the river from which the supply is obtained.

In certain sections of Tyneside typhoid fever has long been prevalent. Several deaths have occurred, and the allegation has been made repeatedly that tainted water supplies are the cause.

"The Estuary is an open sewer," one speaker said recently.

AT Thirlmere, where a similar problem recently arose, it was found that people were drinking water from a stream which ran through an old graveyard and was badly contaminated. Alternative supplies have had to be arranged.

Mr. C. H. H. Harold, Director of Water Examination to the Metropolitan Water Board, declared the other day that, having studied the reports of analyses of various water undertakings throughout the country, he was "seriously disturbed."

A year ago, when the Water Pollution Research Board issued its last report, it said:—

"We are convinced that, unless satisfactory methods of treatment and disposal of sewage and industrial effluents are adopted to a far greater extent than hitherto, there will be considerable difficulty in the future in providing the large volumes of water of good chemical and bacteriological quality necessary for domestic, agricultural and recreational purposes."

BUT a big national effort is needed.

The Ministry of Health must tackle this widespread problem at once.

Two and a half years ago—in January, 1935—a Committee of Investigation set up by the Institution of Water Engineers and the Water Companies Association put forward sterling proposals to the Ministry.

These included the creation of distinct, separate and specialised water departments of the Ministry itself, each with an area allocated to it, the work of which would be to study every aspect of the machinery provided in its area for the supply of clean and unadulterated water to the district served.

Why have these recommendations never been acted upon?

Officialdom seems content to cling to systems as antiquated as the village pump . . .

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Blow to the Baby-Traffickers

Scurvy Treatment for Our Old Soldiers
Cranks Want Return to Dark Ages
Kicking Bucket Shops

OUR exposure of spurious "adoption agencies" is proved to the hilt in the report of the Home Office Committee of Enquiry now issued. At last it seems that the days of the merciless "foster mothers" who undertake the care of illegitimate children, and the unscrupulous foreign baby-traffickers are numbered, and naturally we are glad to have played our part in revealing the scandals of this horrible trade.

Luckless Mites

Alarming facts were in our possession when we decided to root out this ramp. Some of them appeared so unbelievable that reference to them might have been considered fantastic exaggeration.

But the report now issued gives instances of the experiences of luckless babes which are sufficiently terrible to require no underlining.

Imagine the awful plight of a child being carted around on a barrow as an object of sympathy by a hawker of stolen produce from allotments. Try to imagine the shocking experience of two children placed by one of these "adoption agencies" with an elderly woman whose husband was a known drunkard and who was later charged with theft.

Unhappy Fate

A girl of three and a half was handed over to a blind man and his wife who sub-let rooms. A conviction against a lodger proved that child's unhappy fate. Another child was sent to a spinster afterwards found to be mentally unbalanced.

Yet another girl mite who had been accepted by a labourer and his wife was found to be ill-treated. Could the need for drastic reform be made more urgent when the secretary of the society which handed over this child admitted that she should never have been placed there?

Yet the same society placed three other children in this home!

Revolting Racket

But, as we showed months ago, one of the most revolting features of this evil racket is the virtual selling of babies to foreigners.

Sir John Simon: Started the Enquiry

At the moment British children are being placed in foreign homes at an age when their own wishes cannot be consulted. Here they grow up as members of a foreign community, and are always liable to deportation until they become of an age to be naturalised.

In getting to grips with this pernicious system we welcome the Committee's recommendation that to ensure supervision all societies for the adoption of children should be licensed by local authorities.

Also, that any suspicion that an adoption may not be successful should be sufficient for rejecting an application.

The Baby First

We support the claim, which has been our attitude all along, that the child and not the would-be adopter should be given the benefit of any doubt.

Now we demand early legislation to make it certain that innocent tots are safeguarded from this terrible danger of exploitation by adoption into homes which often are clouded by matrimonial disharmony or tainted by an atmosphere of vice and crime.

Stinging the Heroes

Scurvy treatment of the first order is being given to large numbers of ex-Service men, who, having been in the service of Government Departments since the war, are now being retired either with no pension at all or with paltry weekly allowances of a few shillings.

Surely this is not the kind of treatment to mete out to men who have striven to give of their best. Nor is it reasonable that their claim for an enquiry should be rejected.

Baulking the Basques?

We wonder why neither the International Red Cross nor the British Red Cross has a single ambulance in Spain, where good humanitarian work is being done by a variety of organisations? Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., has tried to stress this point, drawing attention to the fact that a British firm has been refused export licences for the supply of air-ambulances to the Basque Government because the application is not supported by an approved Red Cross organisation.

Miss Rathbone, M.P.: Champions Basques

She has been told that an application so supported would be sympathetically considered, but there seems little chance of the Basques getting air-ambulances if the "approved" Red Cross organisation declines to work in Spain.

Dark Age Density

In wanting to treat as criminals, not as petty offenders, all who play games in the parks on Sundays, the Sheffield Parks and Burial Committee is groping in the Dark Ages. Even the bitterest opponents of Sunday games are aghast at the proposal, as well they might be.

If some cranks such as these Sheffield committeemen had their way half of us would be convicts and the other half warders.

Busmen's "Holiday"

Justice demands it to be placed on record that London's busmen *do* suffer considerably from gastric troubles. A report just issued by the Medical Research Council says so.

A number of people scoffed at the health side of the busmen's argument and asked "What about us?" Such reasoning cuts no ice. It is a pity this report wasn't possible before a strike occurred.

Vanity!

The Post Office is pleased with itself again. Savings Bank deposits standing at £455,000,000 constitute a record. Major Tryon, the P.M.G., thinks this proves confidence in the Government. We wonder.

Averaging that the ten and a half million depositors have £45 a head, that wouldn't take them far to escape the "rainy day" which many fear the Government's mess and muddle has in store for them—and against which they're scraping to save a little.

This England

Mr. Foley, of Plymouth, is blind. The other day he carried his dead child in a wooden box through the streets to the cemetery—and had to carry it home again because he hadn't 1s. 9d. to make up the burial fee!

Officials told him they could not bury that newly born infant if he could not pay the balance of 1s. 9d. there and then—regulations forbade it—but he might ask the P.A.C. for help.

Damn such grotesque regulations, say we. The sooner they are dead and buried the better.

Why Delay?

The Government's share-pushing report is almost ready for the President of the Board of Trade, together with recommendations that will tighten up the law and make the continuance of bucket-shops impossible.

But the Government's present intention is to postpone introducing the legislation till late in the autumn. Why give the swindlers three months' grace and as much extra time to try to part credulous people from their hard-gained savings?

Not Worth It?

Old-age pensioners stand no chance of getting a rise, no matter what any enquiry into cost of living might prove. An extra five shillings a week would cost over thirty-five million pounds—and when we have big guns to buy, the official mind can't believe the old folk are worth that much more.

Little Grows Less

But the Minister of Health must take immediate steps to examine serious allegations of officialdom parting old-age pensioners from their pittance.

It is a shame that the system allows a "rake off" of a shilling for each ten shillings collected on behalf of sick old people in institutions—for when another eight shillings is deducted for their keep, the poor old pensioner is left a solitary bob.

Nazi Hand-Outs

The attention of the Foreign Office has been brought to a leaflet—pro-German and anti-British—which is being printed in Germany, exported in large quantities to this country and distributed here by German agents.

But Mr. Eden has refused to protest to Herr Hitler against this interference in our political affairs. Why? Let Hitler carry on with his Nazi-ism in Germany, but why let him carry on his propaganda here?

Some "Nursemaid"

Our tongue blisters at the thought of what we would like to say to John Mathias Edwards, a collier of Ebbw Vale.

A policeman found him in a drunken condition pushing a perambulator in which was a child of twenty months. It irritates us to think that a fine of 10s. was all that could be imposed on a clod like this.

Torturers

Terrorism of poor debtors by professional debt-collecting firms is becoming fiercer.

Worst of the bullies is a man named Orris, who conducts the Recovery and Adjustment Bureau at 56, Cannon Street, London, E.C. His devices, which are most despicable, shout the need for legislation to suppress him and his kind.

Those who have received his latest threat to give them "publicity all over the country" should cast it in the fire.

Old Irony

All over Britain the search for scrap-iron is being made with anxious zeal.

We suggest that if all the iron railings which now debar people from the liberty of enjoying "England's green and pleasant land" were scrapped, then there might be more of England worth fighting for if another war comes along.

Dangerous Days

In a Sheffield steelworks a man who had been working a spell of twenty-seven hours was killed. It is hard to attach any blame to this poor fellow. Many others like him in steelworks to-day are tempted to risk their lives for that extra money to be earned by working an extra shift..

They know the time will come when they will not be wanted. That is why they agree to work long hours to meet the urgent demand for orders.

Unfortunately, there are no regulations restricting the number of consecutive hours worked. It is time there were, for the steel industry is losing many skilled men in these dangerous days.

Boon for Children

As vigorous opponents of excessive homework we welcome the sensible decision reached in Manchester. Children under twelve in elementary schools are to have no homework and the older ones will do it only four nights of the week.

This system, by the way, is recommended by the Board of Education and more local authorities should adopt it.

Cheaper Milk

Housewives will be able to get cheaper milk soon. The whole basis of the Milk Marketing Scheme is to be altered, and in its new form it will end the provision which compels dairymen to charge their customers more than they want to.

At present thousands of milk dealers are having to charge more than they consider a reasonable profit.

Footing the Bill

Quite rightly the Government will not bill the German Government for the cost of nursing the German sailor victims of the *Deutschland* affair. "It is a humane service readily rendered," says Mr. Hore-Belisha.

Mr. Hore Belisha: "Humane Service"

But the same Government compels local councils to send in bills for the nursing of mothers, when they have babies in their tumble-down cottages, and when their husbands are unemployed. Britons should be treated at least as well as Germans.

Brave Pioneers

The sea, as we island people know, is ever treacherous. To-day, thanks to marvellous scientific organisation and the never-ending courage of aviators, even the dour Atlantic has been "double crossed."

The day will come when the ocean wastes will appear but as puddles on Mankind's march of progress. But never let us forget the pioneers who made possible the achievement of these modern miracles.

KNOCK-OUTS

Mr. E. T. Rhymer (Tottenham magistrate): "A girl has no right to bring home her young man without her father's permission."—*And what dad says "goes"!*

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw: "As a writer of plays I never come before the curtains and accept a call."—*But you manage to keep in the limelight, all the same!*

* * *

Mr. A. Seaton: "It has always been a mystery to me that doctors cannot write something like a legible hand."—*The mixture as before!*

* * *

Mr. A. G. Pite (Cheltenham's next headmaster): "It is most important for any boy to have female company."—*Careful: you'll upset Mr. and Mrs. Grundy.*

Air Scare BUNKUM

exposed by Col. E. A. Cameron C.M.G., D.S.O.

Air Raid Precautions Officer for Staffordshire

Most of us have heard more than enough talk of horror and destruction from "experts" who like to make the nation's flesh creep with tales of air raids of the future.

Now listen to a real expert, whose distinguished military career and present position as an Air Raid Precautions Officer make him qualified to present the true facts. His blunt views are a healthy counterblast to those of the Jeremiahs. . . .

MUCH too much hot air has been released by imaginative novelists and writers of film scenarios, amateur strategists and vote-catching politicians on the dangers from war in the air.

In so far as this barrage of balderdash serves wake us all up to the need for reasonable pre-tions against air raids, it may be all to the d.

But when a Member of Parliament publicly lares that London is "the weakest place on h." and that "common-sense insists that don should be largely dispersed," it is clearly e that someone called a halt to such propa-da of panic and turned on the searchlight of th.

That there does exist the possibility of a grave ace from hostile aircraft no one will deny. it would be folly to neglect to plan proper autions not only for driving away and troying any invaders, but also for protecting civilian population against panic and loss of

At present, it must be admitted, Britain and oldest ally, Portugal, are the only European ntries in which complete schemes for air raid autions have not yet been put into full work-order. But we are getting on with the job.

Meanwhile, let us try to review the position as ely as possible.

In a recent film by H. G. Wells, we saw whole s reduced to ruins by hostile aircraft. Do imagine that any enemy is capable of causing fraction of such destruction.

I would say at once that there is no more spect of London being completely wiped out by tile aircraft than there is of the Man in the n becoming our next Prime Minister!

In range of flight, speed and general efficiency, remongers tell us, the modern aeroplane is an rmous improvement on the type of machine ployed in the last war.

But they conveniently forget that all forms of l-aircraft defence have also been constantly proved, so that it is estimated that in an air over England an attacking force would lose e than a third of its planes at least.

Indeed, Dr. L. Haden Guest, formerly medical ructor, Air Raids Department, Home Office, said in his book, "A Guide to Air Raid Pre-tions," that certain foreign Powers calculate t in any raid their forces would lose 40 per t. of their machines.

★ Besides this tremendous loss in planes and pilots, attackers have to face the problem of bomb supply. High explosive bombs are weighty and costly. The area Greater London is 400 square miles. To lay whole, or even a substantial part of that a, in ruins by means of high explosives is possible: no European Power has the planes do it.

High-explosive bombs weigh from 250 to 0 lb. and the margin of error, even from the st type of aircraft, is not less than 75 yards.

You may be sure, then, that an enemy would indulge in indiscriminate bombing with high losives, knowing that the loss in pilots and nes and the wastage in bombs would be so at that attacks could not be long continued.

No, high explosives would be aimed at vital nts such as power stations, railways and water-ks with a view to paralysing the life-blood of nation. To protect these "military" targets he duty of those concerned with anti-aircraft nces.

We whose job it is to plan and direct air raid autions are preparing to assist in defeating h-explosive bombing by arranging the evacua-of civilians from buildings near such targets, by means of a nation-wide system of precau-s guarding against mass panic, which is the my's stoutest ally.

Far more menacing to the civilian population n high-explosive bombs are the perils of fire gas from the air.

Incendiary bombs weigh only about one pound, and can be dropped by the score. These are devilish inventions, for they cannot be extinguished by water: they can only be dealt with by means of earth or sand.

Gas may be released in bombs or sprayed from containers and, as every ex-Service man knows, certain gases not only linger, but spread.

A vast fleet of planes raining fire from the sky is a terrible thought, but London need not fear the possibility of a second Great Fire being started from the air.

Incendiary bombs would not be aimed separately, nor would the planes, flying at terrific speed, dare to adopt a close formation directly over our anti-aircraft batteries.

Glance at a map of London, and you will be surprised at the big proportion of its vast area occupied by parks and open spaces. Taking all these conditions into consideration, and calculating a certain percentage of "dud" bombs that fail to explode, we can estimate with confidence that of any number of incendiary bombs released, not more than half will start fires.

So we need fear no new Great Fire of London or of any other of our great cities. We must, though, be prepared for a large number of small fires blazing wildly and scattered over a wide area.

Prompt action would be necessary to prevent such fires spreading, and the regular fire brigades would be unable to deal with all the outbreaks caused by incendiary bombs.

An Auxiliary Fire Brigade Service is accordingly being organised, and volunteers are required for this vital work. Special apparatus, including such items as long scoops and tubs of sand for extinguishing incendiary bombs, is to be provided by the Home Office, from which our entire Air Raid Precautions Scheme is directed.

★ GAS! According to the highly coloured "evidence" of novelists and scenario writers, an air raid would mean the streets of London being filled with blind, choking humanity, every house would be a death-trap.

If our scheme of precautions is studied and practised beforehand so that it can be carried out immediately, we can defeat any gas attack by reducing casualties to a minimum, dispersing the gas and removing all traces of harmful liquid or vapour.

And here is another comforting consideration. Despite all the efforts of the enlightened scientists of this strange modern civilisation, no new death-dealing gases have been invented, except for Lewisite, which is not nearly so effective as mustard gas.

We know that we have mainly to guard against the same gases that we encountered in the last war.

These are tear and nose-irritant gases, phosgene and chlorine, which attack the lungs, and the notorious mustard gas which not only injures eyes, nose, throat and lung, but also blisters the skin.

Although by no means the most deadly gas—it kills less than two per cent. of those it strikes—the persistency of mustard is liable to cause many casualties. It lingers on clothing and will remain on the surface of a rain-soaked street.

To combat mustard gas a complete "decontamination" service is necessary, to remove the liquid or vapour from the persons and clothing of those who have had contact with it, and to purge it from streets and buildings.

★ Decontamination squads of picked volunteers are being enrolled and trained: these will be provided with the proper equipment and, as in the case of all whose duties may keep them in the open, they will be issued with protective clothing and special gas-masks.

Protection of workers in offices and factories is vital: they must not be allowed to stream out to meet death in the streets, but must remain in special shelters at their place of work.

The mainstay of our home-protection scheme will be Air Raid Wardens, volunteers in charge of areas round their homes. It will be the duty of those important helpers to warn their neighbours of an impending raid, see that they are issued with gas-masks and help them in every way to remain safe.

Mutual help is the first essential. Though our National Air Raids Precautions policy is directed by the Home Office, every city, town and village council, regardless of political complexion, is responsible for its own scheme.

The Air Raids Precaution scheme is not a political stunt; it is a national insurance. It makes for sane preparedness.

There will be no waiting for war to be declared. As soon as a state of national emergency is proclaimed by the Government, our Air Raid Precautions will come into effect.

Organised civilian effort and neighbourly co-operation will minimise ignorance and consequent panic.

So fast are modern planes that within ten minutes of an air raid warning the attackers would be over our heads, but, with intelligent organisation of volunteer effort, we need not fear. Everyone hopes the air menace will never materialise. If it does, it will be countered by the efforts of our defence forces, and it will finally be defeated on the ground by the civilians.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Snare for the Stage-Struck

A PARTICULARLY cruel deception is being practised on unemployed theatrical workers.

Hundreds of them have responded to advertisements offering well-paid stage employment by a new and young impresario, who has introduced himself to Theatreland as Kenneth Williams.

Daily, the stairway of offices and rehearsal rooms off Charing Cross Road, London, have been crowded by queues of eager applicants for stage appointments—among them a large number of amateurs with theatrical aspirations.

Williams has given it out that he has completed plans for the production of the most stupendous and spectacular musical play presented for many years.

Its name, he states, is "Show Time" and, with assured substantial money-backing, he has even represented that arrangements have been made for it to open at one of London's largest music-halls and for it to proceed thereafter on an extensive provincial tour.

* * *

After putting out-of-work artists into preliminary rehearsal, Williams stimulated their enthusiasm by producing most generous contracts.

For instance, it was undertaken that the engagement would be for three years, that, in case of sickness, there would be no cutting or stoppage of wages and that when "Show Time" was taken abroad, salaries would be increased by four times.

As a token of good will every person seeking engagement has been required to deposit £5 with Williams, which, he states, will be refunded at the end of one month.

Williams has guaranteed them a long run. The longest one they are likely to have is in the pursuit of their money.

Williams is an unscrupulous impostor. He is not even legally registered under the theatrical employment Acts.

It is possible that he may now carry his activities into other towns, where the authorities should be on the alert for his arrival.

A part of this small villa at Cowes, I.O.W., is the headquarters of the World League

Winner Both Ways

FOR years an adventurer named Edward Hennequin has been imposing with impunity on people in Britain and obtaining investments for supposed Continental enterprises.

All he does with the money is to gamble and lose it at the roulette tables.

JOHN BULL is hopeful that the French police will now end his operations.

Hennequin is staying at the Hotel Windsor, Boulogne, and playing heavily in the casino of that town.

From the Hotel Windsor he is sending indiscriminately to people in Britain offers of financial partnerships and representing that he is making large profits with clockwork regularity.

Yet, so great is his cupidity, that he is also at the same time sending pathetically-phrased letters to benevolent people asking for money because he has been "left stranded by his employer," cannot pay his hotel bills and is destitute!

Very Queer Friendship Leagu

BY far the queerest organisation that has come into existence in any part of Britain for many years is one which has just made its advent in the Isle of Wight and which is canvassing for members and subscriptions all over the country.

It is the World League of Health and Friendship, and it has as its founder, proprietor and president an individual named Ralph Price.

Members are being sought at £1 each, plus 2s. 6d. for a remarkable booklet outlining the purposes of the World League.

Subscribers are guaranteed help to find a real chum or an ideal lover if one is required for the purposes of matrimony.

But that is only one of the smallest services the World League is ready and able to render.

It specialises also, for instance, in birth control. "In dealing with contraception," states the literature of the World League, "we offer you our free aid and thus place within the reach of all who may desire it the power to safeguard their happiness and health by limiting the extent of their families."

* * *

Of course, the League makes provision also for members who are not interested in its birth control measures. It has a department devoted to the benefit of expectant mothers.

Not only that. It offers a free course of what is called world-wide education for their children and undertakes to act as a kind of exchange for people who want to have their babies adopted or who wish to adopt other people's children.

Among the other benefits of membership of the World League are offe
give free assistance to—

Those who need better situation
Employers of labour.
Persons making holiday arra
ments in any part of the world.
Travellers by land, sea and air.
Inventors.
Buyers of anything in any par
the world, including farms, h
property or any form of busine

As if all that were not enough f
yearly subscription of £1, the W
League also accepts the responsibili
granting one wish annually to e
member who introduces at least two
members. No offer more prodigious
ever been made by any organisation

* * *

The World League is so obliging
it will even provide financial aid to
who join its ranks.

Mr. Price, the founder of the W
League, watches closely newspaper
vertisements by unemployed p
seeking situations. He writes to t
offering appointments as staff-adju
to the League at commencing sal
of "anything from £250 to £50
annum." All they have to do to
these jobs is to send 2s. 6d. to Pri
the League's booklet and 20s. for m
bership fee.

Clearly, the World League of H
and Friendship, with its machinery
providing ideal lovers, birth co
methods, the care of expectant mot
and a baby exchange, in addition
its numerous other strange servic
a dangerous concern.

Its headquarters are at Cowes, I
Wight, but they comprise no more
a tiny room of a small villa, par
which is occupied by Price, the
who has created the League out
nothing.

SENT HOME—*to* SUICIDE

SMALL paragraphs in the newspapers a few days ago described the suicide of a Glasgow postman named William O'Brien.

He drank poison in his home and, while consuming it, held his wife in a tight embrace and kissed her between each sip.

Behind these brief announcements of the tragedy lies a series of extraordinary events which have passed unrecorded.

As there is no inquest procedure in Scotland, there has been no public enquiry into O'Brien's death, and, therefore, no official pronouncement on his state of mind.

* * *

But there is no doubt that O'Brien was insane. The authorities had every reason to be aware long before the tragedy that he was of unsound mind and that he intended to take his life.

He should not have been at liberty. The circumstances in which he came to be at large are almost incredible.

Five months ago O'Brien had to give up his work as a postman on account of failing health. Very soon his wife and family, who live at 66, McAlpine Street, Anderston, Glasgow, were in a state of constant alarm. O'Brien became outrageous in his conduct, hourly threatening extreme violence to his wife and children.

In his demented state, he turned two of his sons out of the house—regardless of the fact that one of them was on a sick-bed suffering from pleuracy.

His symptoms were definitely those of homicidal and suicidal mania. For hours on end he would sit motionless staring at the fire and then break into a frenzy throughout which his loved ones were in the direst peril.

Mrs. O'Brien was driven to report her husband's condition to the public health authorities. He was examined and at once ordered to be removed to a hospital with special facilities for observation of mental cases.

The family was informed after a few days that the man was a lunacy case and given to understand that no definite forecast could be made either of the necessary period of detention or even of the possibility of his ultimate cure.

Every time Mrs. O'Brien visited her husband in hospital, she states, he asked her to bring him a bottle of carbolic acid. Because she refused to fetch the poison to him, her statement continues, he struck her blows on these visits and a number of times she left the ward with arm and body bruises.

Mr. Walter Elliot, the Scottish Secretary, has a bounden duty to make a pronouncement on the death of William O'Brien

O'Brien repeatedly told his wife that if she did not bring the poison to him he would find a method to leave the institution and to commit suicide within three days.

She even received a letter, written from the hospital, pleading that she should comply with his requests and clearly hinting at his resolve to take his life.

When her husband had been in hospital about five weeks Mrs. O'Brien learned that he was to be discharged immediately. She went to the authorities at once and related the whole story of his suicide threats and his demands to be supplied with poison.

She told them also that she could accept the responsibility of signing his discharge.

Moreover, she related that, pre
to his admission to hospital, he
tried to find carbolic acid in the h
and that his brother had had to
him to the river to prevent him
drowning himself.

She also gave an account of a hi
of insanity in her husband's family
mentioned that his sister had comm
suicide by drinking carbolic acid
that his father had been detained
mental patient.

* * *

Notwithstanding all this inform
and his wife's refusal to accept resp
bility, the authorities allowed O'B
to leave the mental ward and to re
to his home.

Soon after he reached it he went
neighbour and borrowed money on
pretence that he wished to v
cinema. Instead, he bought a
bottle of carbolic acid.

Then he went home, took his wi
his arms and, in the presence of h
little daughters, drank the p
deeply.

If ever the circumstances of any
death called for the highest offici
vestigation and a statement in Pa
ment, they must be those associated
the suicide of William O'Brien.

Chief Constable John Horwell, New Scotland Yard, is in charge of a nation-wide hunt for Captain Faulkner

Atlantic Air Ferry Swindler

...is only ten days since British and American flying-boats made a successful two-way crossing of the ...antic to inaugurate the new com-...rcial aerial ferry between the con-...nts.

...t already a large-scale swindle is ...g conducted under the cloak of ...t adventurous enterprise.

...n international crook is behind it. ...ne week he has used four names—...ry Faulkner is apparently the alias favours most—and in each of them ...cheated a number of people to the ...nt, so far as is known, of £5,000.

* * *

...Whatever name he uses, this indi-...dual describes himself as a captain ...former officer of the Royal Air ...ce. He is about forty years of age, ...groomed, and is conspicuous by a ...clipped black moustache and ...ly blue eyes.

...aptain Faulkner, as we will call him, ...never served in the R.A.F. or been ...ociated with any of the British civil ...g organisations.

...n only a few days he has visited ...er, Birmingham, Derby, Salisbury, ...a number of other towns, and in ...h of them has found one or more ...ims who have entrusted him with ...s of money, ranging from £50 to ...0, for investment in a company ...ed Atlantic Air Services.

...Faulkner represents — falsely, of ...rse—that this company, which is ...-existent, has been entrusted with ...development of the Atlantic air ...y, and that capital subscribed to it ...will multiply itself several times ...in a few weeks.

* * *

...In whatever district he arrives, Faulk-...gives it out that he is in charge of ...promotion of Atlantic Air Services, ...that his mission is to acquire sites ...the building of at least five aero-...mes in different parts of the country ...m which the company's aeroplanes ...carry passengers and mails to ...ne, in Ireland, which is the British ...e of the genuine Atlantic flying ...vice.

...His dupes have been told that they ...l make their profits on the money ...y have parted with when the syndi-...e sponsoring Atlantic Air Services ...es a prospectus inviting the public ...subscribe for shares.

JOHN BULL has obtained sufficient ...ormation about Captain Faulkner to ...ntify him as an adventurer whose ...est is badly sought, and who has a ...k record of prison sentences in ...stralia and America for big-scale ...uds

Amazing BURIAL SCANDAL

ONE of the most remarkable old men in Britain was run down and killed by a railway train at a public crossing at Allington, Kent, a few days ago. He was Mr. James Whetstone, who was in his seventy-ninth year.

Notwithstanding his age, Whetstone was almost as active as a youth, and few younger men were able to outpace him in his work as an agricultural labourer.

He had been well known to farmers in the Home Counties for more than half a century, and his reputation for vigour and ability was so great that his advanced age was never a barrier to good and regular employment.

Whetstone's nearest relative is Mrs. Helen Young, his sister, who resides at Knee Hill, Abbey Wood, London, S.E..

It was not until four days after the fatal accident to her brother that Mrs. Young learned of the tragedy.

The message concerning it was delivered to her late on Saturday night by the police at the request of the poor law authorities in Maidstone.

* * *

It was an extraordinary message. It merely announced the fact of his death and intimated that Mr. Whetstone was to be buried in a pauper's grave on the following Monday morning, and that, if she wished, she could send a wreath.

No explanation was given why so long had elapsed before the notification had been made to her.

Mrs. Young immediately put a telephone call through from London to Maidstone to the poor law authorities. There was no reply. The exchange stated that the office was closed. She went to the police, and they did their best to get into communication with Maidstone. They, too, failed.

The efforts were renewed on Sunday—again without success.

Mrs. Young's purpose was, of course, first, to obtain more information about the circumstances of her brother's death, and, secondly, to stop his pauper funeral.

She has a number of brothers and sisters, all of whom would have been willing to provide proper burial for the old man.

Early on Monday morning Mrs. Young succeeded in reaching the Maidstone authorities by telephone. She informed them that she was leaving London at once and would be in Maidstone at mid-day.

She was told that arrangements had been made for the burial to take place at 11 a.m. She gave an order that it must be delayed until she arrived to make other and better plans.

Mrs. Young, the sister and nearest relative of the remarkable old man who has been buried in such strange circumstances

Mrs. Young, accompanied by a friend, reached Maidstone before mid-day and made her way at once to the local poor law offices—a few minutes' walk from the railway station.

When she arrived there she was informed that the burial had taken place an hour previously!

Her brother had been interred in a pauper's grave and no mourner had been present at the burial.

* * *

Then, for the first time, Mrs. Young learned that an inquest had been held.

She asked why, as the nearest relative, she had not been informed either of her brother's death or of the coroner's enquiry. The reply was that this had not been thought necessary.

Mrs. Young next enquired who had identified the body as that of Mr. Whetstone. The answer was that identification evidence had been given by a farm bailiff who had known the man only for about a month and who believed that his name was Whetstone.

But, said the authorities, they were satisfied that the dead man was her brother because a document bearing his name had been found in one of his pockets.

Was it not possible, she asked, that the victim of the tragedy was not her brother but someone who happened to have one of his papers in his possession?

Mrs. Young was not, of course, seriously challenging the belief that the dead man actually was her brother. She was merely pointing out the possibility of a terrible mistake having been made because no member of Mr. Whetstone's family had been acquainted in time either with the fact of his death or of the inquest proceedings or had been given a chance to be present at the funeral.

* * *

But the gravest aspect of this unhappy affair is that the aged man should have been buried in a pauper's grave and that a definite order, given in the name of his relatives, to postpone the funeral was disregarded.

General Medical Council Mystery

WHERE can redress be sought by a person who has a grievance against a medical practitioner? Apparently nowhere. This remarkable case is the proof.

A Devonshire couple had a baby born to them six months ago. It was a healthy child but, recently, it had attacks of coughing.

The mother consulted a doctor, who told her that there was nothing serious in the child's condition.

* * *

After a month the parents were far from being satisfied, and the father then called on the doctor and asked to be told specifically what was wrong with the infant.

He states that the doctor informed him that there was no cause to worry and, indeed, that he did not think it was necessary for him to see the child again.

In one month the doctor visited the child on six occasions, having to be summoned each time. Always, the parents declare, he repeated to them that there was no cause for anxiety.

They were most apprehensive, however. Rightly so.

Once again they sent for the doctor because they were disturbed about the baby's symptoms. Three times they called for him without response.

And on the day these appeals were made, the child died without having received any medical attention.

Next day, the bereaved mother visited the doctor's surgery and reported the death of the baby. The doctor expressed surprise, and, according to her statement, he explained his non-attendance by the fact that he had been present at a lecture.

There and then, the parents also state, the doctor wrote out a certificate that the child had died from broncho-pneumonia, without seeing the body as evidence that the baby was actually dead.

The father sent a letter to the doctor inviting him to explain in writing why broncho-pneumonia had been put on the death certificate as the cause of death when the child had not been treated for that ailment, and why he issued the certificate without leaving his surgery to ascertain that the child was, in fact, dead.

The father received no reply.

He then reported these facts to the General Medical Council, the body which is responsible for the qualifications and discipline of all practitioners on the Medical Register.

He has received a reply in the following terms:—

The matter is not one in which the authorities of the Council have any jurisdiction to intervene.

This is an astonishing declaration. It has always been understood that one of the primary functions of the General Medical Council is to take action in cases of formal complaint made by responsible persons and supported by *prima facie* evidence.

Surely the parents of the dead child are "responsible persons" and their report to the Council was sufficiently grave and definite to justify an enquiry.

For years, the General Medical Council has been in the limelight because of its frequent investigations of the private lives of doctors.

* * *

One half of its members are nominated by the Privy Council. The circumstances of the death of this baby should, therefore, provide the Prime Minister with reasonable and proper cause to insist, in the name of the Privy Council, that the G.M.C. shall in future undertake what should be its first and most important duty—the investigation of the *professional* conduct of practitioners on the Register.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." Although unadvertised brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium" 10 for 10d. 1½d.

M.C.C. 3078

ANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Pity The Poor Juryman!

Cold Shoulder For the Refugees
Those Callous Landladies
No Pension—No Job

...man asked him for "time to forget a terrible moment"

DEAR JUDGE WHITELEY, —

Recently a juror confessed to you that he had become overstrained and unnerved by having been one of a jury which a few s before had had to give a verdict Murder."

Give me time to forget that terrible ent," he pleaded, when called upon erve in another case. "It has t me very much," he said. "Every when I go to bed I think about

u ordered him to stand down, reing to him, "From what you have to say, you are not a person who d make a good juryman."

t you did not release him from er service, which meant that he had ontinue wasting time and money ing his heels around the precincts of ourt.

at no doubt raised in the minds of people an impression that here was lot of a juryman being made addilly difficult, but it is only right to that there are other considerations h cannot be overlooked.

e duties of the law must be carried regardless of the inconvenience of iduals.

ten, and quite rightly I think, judges t that jurors who have served before in cases which have occupied an ptional length of time shall be exd further service for a stated period. t I am not so sure that the private eties of jurors called to the courts always given the sympathy some of deserve.

dges, I know, are hard-working and dientious people, but I often wonder sore they would feel to find themrs in the same fix as some of the rs who serve before them.

you know, the practice of calling rs who suffer loss of business and serious inconveniences has been ently criticised, and, if nothing else, the incident in your court provides an opportunity for emphasising the injustices which are so often perpetrated in the cause of justice.

The juror whom you had to censure was a business man anxious to catch up with his daily increasing commercial worries.

There have been many others like him. A short time ago one juror, the owner of a one-man shop, had to close it down for three weeks because he was compelled to remain at the Old Bailey. In another case a street trader lost his wages for a similar period.

* * *

In justice to your judicial colleagues I must say that more than once they have expressed genuine regret that the privileges of citizenship should impose the possibility of such unwarrantable burdens.

But I am sure you will agree that such a state of affairs is not likely to provide juries which can divorce outside worries from their minds and give questions of crime and punishment their sober judgment.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Prime Minister

MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I am amazed at your almost impertinent attempt to stifle criticism from the League of Nations Union.

By hedging your acceptance of an honorary presidency with threats to resign unless yourself and the Government's policy is freed from criticism, I suspect a flagrant attempt to subdue a virile and democratic peace organisation to the dictates of yourself and the Conservative Party.

I admit that irresponsible attacks on Government foreign policy can hinder rather than help forward the cause of peace, but I also feel sure that the L.N.U.'s influence on public opinion is much less likely to be impaired by its supporters enjoying the liberty of honest criticism than by having to echo the platitudes of a political Party.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman H. BOWLES,
Nottingham Watch Committee

DEAR SIR,—There are more ways than one in which a shortage of water can make firemen angry. For instance, thirty-seven families living in houses attached to your fire station have to share two baths—no joke when father comes home begrimed with smoke.

If baths have not been installed because the houses are due for demolition, then the sooner a hose is laying the dust of their ruins the better.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE A. HUNT,
Wicor, Portchester

DEAR SIR,—I don't know who deserves my congratulations most, you—or your wife. You for taking honorary office to aid the pensions for spinsters' campaign, or Mrs. Hunt for her broadmindedness in backing up your interest in this women's movement. Anyway, I admire your pluck. I wish more men would appreciate the claims of women to a better deal from life.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. GIBSON,
M.P. *for Greenock*

DEAR SIR,—I am not one for looking sideways on good intentions or discouraging works of charity. At the same time I was intrigued by your question to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the loss often sustained by the Treasury when lavish donations are made to educational or charitable objects by equal instalments over a period of seven years.

Benevolence takes on a new aspect if it is realised that, say, when a charitable gift of two million pounds is made —£1,325,000 of it would otherwise have gone to the State as income tax or surtax.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DAVID LOGAN, M.P.,
Scotland Division, Liverpool

DEAR SIR,—I watched with interest your endeavour to secure satisfaction on the appointment of spare-time Customs watchers, and similar posts.

The question must provide a sore problem in the seaports, for I cannot understand why competent ex-Servicemen of good character who are pining for employment stand little or no chance of getting these jobs *unless they are getting life pensions from the Army or Navy*.—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR,
Scarborough Town Council

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—I prefer to think your council hasn't the good people of Scarborough behind it in objecting to allow 200 little Basque refugees to be accommodated in your town—is even against having them anywhere in the vicinity.

I would have thought memories of the terrible shelling of Scarborough during the war would have generated especial eagerness to offer refuge to children now in a similar plight.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN.
Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Your colleague, Sir Kingsley Wood, is urging the British working-man to see that his wife has more babies. And you are doing your best to prevent it.

When an unemployed man presents himself at your Industrial Instruction Centres, to be trained for a trade, he is asked how many children he has.

If he has more than three, they say "We cannot take you here." Why? The man with a bigger family seems to be in greater need of being taught a trade than the man with no children at all.—JOHN BULL.

Sir EWAN MACLEAN,
Scientist

DEAR SIR EWAN,—Many thanks for championing young mothers and for adding the weight of your criticism to that callous type of landlady who issues the "no children" order to tenants.

That a young couple should be turned out of house and home just before the birth of their first baby—so as not to disturb the neighbours—is appalling. After all, it is more natural to have babies than have neighbours who would tolerate such brutal treatment.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. DONALD MANNERS,
Vicar of Feltham, Middlesex

REV. SIR,—It is gratifying to find someone else who believes that inward intent and not outward clothing is what matters when it comes to worship.

Your colleagues who ban hikers from services because of their open-air dress, and those who consider a woman "unclean" if not wearing a hat, make me sick.

I hope you will have a good collection of worshippers attired in bathing costumes at your new beach services.—JOHN BULL.

SENTENCE OF THE COURT

More Leg Theory

WHAT may have been a murmur of admiration but may, of course, have been something quite different, was heard when Dr. Alfred Jordan, wearing a costume which began below the Adam's apple and ended above the knees, pleaded "Not guilty" to attempting to steal a pair of trousers.

"To dispel any pardonable misapprehension," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I may mention that the accused is not a fugitive from the Russian ballet, but is secretary of the Men's Dress Reform Party, which holds that men have come to rely for moral support upon the stiffness, heaviness and thickness of their clothes.

"This is why the accused has designed the costume he is now wearing, officially described as 'a Roman tunic in pale violet silk lamé, trimmed with gilt ruching over purple satin.' And not content with this guise for himself, he wishes to make guys of us all.

"In this country the law takes a tolerant attitude toward mere eccentricity. But Dr. Jordan's offence goes beyond this, since, in company with his misguided confederates, he has hatched a sinister plot to deprive free-born Britons of their trousers.

"Who steals my purse, gentlemen of the jury, steals trash, but who robs me of my bags takes something without which I am no longer a free member of a democratic community, but a pariah unable to climb to the top of a bus,

Mr. Strawsplitter claimed that Dr. Jordan was seeking to rescue mankind from the tyranny of trousers. Some of the most notable men in history, including Mahomet, Julius Cæsar and Sir Harry Lauder, had faced the world without trousers and the world had thought none the worse of them. Indeed, in the case of Sir Harry Lauder the absence of pockets, which his learned friend seemed to regard as a tragedy, had proved a valuable aid to the virtue of thrift.

"It is rather late in the day," concluded Mr. Strawsplitter, "for man to arise in his wrath in defence of his sacred unmentionables, seeing that they were stolen from him long ago by members of the opposite sex. Indeed, I venture to say that the time is coming when the wearing of trousers will be thought a symptom of effeminacy.

"In claiming for man the freedom of the knees, my client is fighting for sex equality, and hopes that by restoring the skirt as a masculine garment he will also restore the virile qualities of the skirt-wearing heroes who fought at Philippi and Bannockburn."

. . . faced the world without trousers

"It is not for me to decide whether a decree knees-high for the entire male sex would be for their ultimate good," said Mr. Justice Bull. "But I feel certain that the average man will cling to his breeches when all else is gone, feeling that without them he can neither face the world nor turn his back on it.

"Most men have their finer feelings and quite a few have mothers, and I imagine that there are not many instances in which the dear old mater would care to see her bonny boy adopting Dr. Jordan's ideas on the subject of gent.'s suitings—ideas which seem ill-adapted to the vagaries of our climate, the contours of our calves, and the financial stability of Savile Row.

"The offence of which the prisoner has been found guilty might be suitably punished with a kick in the pants, but as he has made it impossible for this sentence to be carried out, I direct that he be detained until the rising of the Court at the office of the *Tailor and Cutter* so that the editor may give him a piece of his mind and that he be bound over to keep the piece."

Y. Z.

IT'S A PRESENT FROM BOURNVILLE

Mrs. A. 'What a nice large Thermos! Is it a birthday present?'

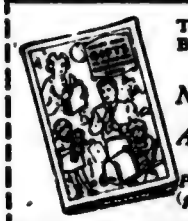
Mrs. B. 'Oh no, it's a present from Bournville. I have Bournville Cocoa now and collect the gift coupons. The wool for this jumper was another gift and I'm also going to treat myself to a new trowel and fork for the garden.'

Mrs. A. 'How nice! I'm longing for a new handbag and we badly need some more sheets for the home. Do you think I could get them with the gift coupons?'

Mrs. B. 'Why, of course. Send for the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book and then you can choose what you like. And when you try Bournville Cocoa I'm sure you'll agree with me that no other cocoa has its lovely chocolaty flavour.'

N.B. Why don't you act upon Mrs. B's suggestion and write for a copy of the Bournville Cocoa Gift Book? You can have a copy (containing a FREE coupon to start your collection) by posting the form below.

POST COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY



To 'NEW GIFTS,' CADBURY, BOURNVILLE. Please send me the 40-page Book of Gifts with free coupon. (Please write in BLOCK LETTERS).

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BOURNVILLE COCOA

WOMEN LOOK TO 'ASPRO' for Safe, Natural PAIN-RELIEF

The women of to-day have even more serious difficulties to combat than their sisters in the past. It is the pace that kills. The modern woman puts up a great fight against her surrounding difficulties. She possesses courage and initiative. Nevertheless, the strenuousness of it all affects her nerves. Headaches become prevalent—nerve pains—sleeplessness—nervineas—irritability and the "fed-up" feeling. 'ASPRO' has a message of hope for those afflicted in this way, for it banishes pain—soothes away irritability and nerviness. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless—takes the edge off jagged nerves—banishes colds and rheumatism, etc. One trial of 'ASPRO' tablets will enable any woman to prove the truth of these statements. The good influence of 'ASPRO' has to be experienced to be believed. Our suggestion to every woman is to

GIVE 'ASPRO' A TRIAL!

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

WOMEN SHOULD READ THIS!

Miss P. A. writes from Newcastle:

"For the past three years I have attended my doctor for anæmia and pains peculiar to women, and at such times as these I have had to go to bed for at least five or six days on end and I have not been able to help myself at all. I thought I would give your 'ASPRO' a trial, and I am sure I wish I had tried them sooner, as after taking them twice they put new life into me and can now go about anywhere without the least bit of fear, and that is something after three years' fear and pain. To say that I am troubled with my heart and they do not harm me in the least is a high praise for 'ASPRO,' the Health giver."

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ASPRO

Members of the Royal Commission whose report is here discussed. Left to right: Prof. R. Coupland, Sir E. L. Hammond, the Rt. Hon. Sir H. G. Rumbold and Earl Peel

Holy Land RIDDLE

by A. G. Gardiner

WHETHER the new scheme for solving the riddle of the Holy Land will work, time alone will show. Neither the Royal Commission that s devised it nor the Government t has adopted it pretends to any fidence that it will.

nd, in any case, this country is as as ever from washing its hands of business. We are, so far as one can a fixture in Palestine to the end of chapter.

e cannot complain of that, for the dle is of our own making.

hen after the war we undertook the ndate for Palestine, with the under-nding that we were to make that ntry into a national home for the a, we invited trouble.

r. Balfour had become a convert he Zionist movement and as Foreign ister committed us to the task of ring the Jews to their homeland.

hatever view we take of the wisdom that commitment, it was inevitable it would cause trouble.

magine the position.

A little country, about the size of Wales, with a sea coast not unlike that of Wales, and with a population about half that of les, had been in the possession of hs for hundreds of years.

was poor, ill-developed, rudimentary. chief interest to the world was its rd associations, not for one race or gion, but for many races and religions Christian, Jewish, Mahommedan.

nto this neglected corner of the diterranean comes an irruption of long-exiled Jewish people from all ds, backed by the authority of this ntry and the League.

ith their superior gifts, their fervour their resources they put Palestine the modern map.

hey transformed it, and made the rt to blossom as the rose. The great of Tel-Aviv which has sprung up on coast since the war is only one of the spectacular of their achievements.

o one questions the enormous benefit it has accrued to Palestine from a siness point of view as the result of return of the Jews.

ncidentally, every householder in this country is a sharer in that benefit by the abundance and cheapness of the luscious Jaffa oranges that are now a commonplace of our dessert.

But, naturally, the revolution gave a shock to the Arabs, who had long been in possession and who had expected that with the break-up of the Turkish Empire after the war Palestine would be their own.

They benefited from the modernising and electrifying of the country by the enterprise of the newcomers, but they felt that the land was slipping from their grasp.

How could they hold their own against such superior energy and genius? How could they escape becoming helots to a superior and governing race?

They did not want a prosperous modern Palestine: they wanted the old, ramshackle, half-nomadic Arab Palestine.

The clash came to a head in the Arab rebellion. It was stimulated from Italy as a part of Mussolini's plan for making things uncomfortable for us in the Mediterranean.

But it was inevitable in any case and it was only suppressed when a British Army was sent out to preserve order.

Martial law preserves peace, but settles nothing. A solution had to be found, and Lord Peel's Commission was despatched to find it.

The difficulties were obvious.

On the one hand, we could not banish the Jews. They were there by the Balfour promise. On the other, we could not banish the Arabs. Palestine was their home and they were entitled to remain there.

And events had shown that there was no hope of the two races settling down amicably side by side.

We could not keep a British Army permanently in occupation to preserve peace. And we knew that directly the Army's back was turned the embers of the rebellion would be fanned afresh into flame.

What then should be done?

The Commission proposes a surgical operation. Palestine is to be partitioned. There is to be a Jewish Palestine stretching along the coast and widening out at the northern end to the bank of the Jordan.

And there is to be an Arab Palestine behind, linked up with Transjordania and the Arab world to the east and south.

Instead of one home for two peoples who cannot shake down under one roof, there are to be two separate and self-contained homes—one for each family.

And what about Jerusalem and Bethlehem? Well, they are to belong to neither race. They will form part of a corridor State, stretching from Jerusalem to the sea at Jaffa, and controlled by a new British Mandate.

The Arabs resident in the new Jewish Palestine will have to transplant themselves, or be transplanted over the frontier, and doubtless the Jewish dwellers in Arab Palestine will migrate to the Jewish Palestine.

To make the scheme palatable to the Arabs they are to receive a subvention of £2,000,000 from the Jewish State and another £2,000,000 from Britain.

It would be absurd to pretend that this is an ideal solution. But there does not happen to be an ideal solution. Indeed, the Commission declares—and I have no doubt it is right—that there is no other solution than partition.

It is a bad job, but it is the only way of making the best of a bad job.

Naturally, neither camp is satisfied. But then no scheme under the sun could satisfy both.

And since some solution of the deadlock must be found we must adopt whatever is practicable and will do even-handed if rough justice to each.

And both Arabs and Jews will do well to weigh carefully their respective gains under the scheme.

The Arabs will, within their restricted area, be masters of their own household. They will be freed from the fear of Jewish domination for all time.

Linked with the Arab world east and south their unity will be undisturbed and their future secure.

As for the Jews, they will have a real national home at last, which they could never have under the existing Mandate.

It will be small, but within its limits they will have an absolute independence and freedom beyond anything that even Mr. Balfour could have contemplated for them over an undivided Palestine.

If this scheme fails to go through there is no prospect before us except the maintenance of peace by a repressive system of government wholly alien to our traditions.

We cannot contemplate such a prospect. Nor, on the other hand, can we relinquish a task which we have solemnly undertaken.

A way out of the deadlock must be found, and the Commission's scheme, with all its defects, embodies the only visible way.

The Government has adopted it and I have no doubt the League, before which it will come on July 30, will endorse it.

Let us hope that Arabs and Jews alike will recognise that it is the only solution that will secure peace to both and independence to each.

Beach Beauty

ends thought herself a failure with men in her holiday seaside party, and n Jean Barrie met her she was nearly tears. This well-known beauty expert, ever, soon put matters right. She ex-ined the correct use of cosmetics, ming, hair styles, and other intimate ps, and, almost miraculously, Brenda transformed.

pert advice from the "Woman's " beauty experts is awaiting every who wishes to make the most of her- In the August issue of this thrilling rial are the innermost secrets set re you in sympathetic, understanding womanly words. Get your copy with-fail now: on sale everywhere, price 6d.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

NEXT time you're up against it—or think you are—don't get into a panic. Don't imagine that the end has come. Don't think there's nothing to be done about it. Just sit down and relax and do a bit of quiet thinking.

Think of the last time you were up against it—or thought you were. Recall how black everything looked, how hopeless everything seemed, and then remember how the shadows gradually lightened and the sun began to shine again.

You'll feel better if you do that. You'll realise that nothing is ever so bad as it seems at first sight. You'll begin to recover what every shock tends to make you forget—your sense of proportion.

Few things turn out in the end to be as serious as they seem at the moment. It would probably be true to say that nothing does. What looks to-day like an epic and soul-shattering event is seen in retrospect twelve months later as a comparatively trivial incident.

If we would only accustom ourselves to jump ahead in order to look back, we should save ourselves endless anxiety and worry. We should see things in much truer proportion than by concentrating on the worries of the moment.

Everything is really a matter of comparison. It's no use treating anything as absolute. Whatever happens could easily have been worse. One day you'll look back and laugh at yourself for being so worried. You might just as well laugh at yourself now and have done with it!

It's a difficult lesson maybe, but it can be learnt—particularly if you keep your sense of humour alive. Laughter is Nature's safety valve, and you seal it up at your peril!

Mr XXX xhibits his INN SIGNS

THE CAT & FIDDLE

THE SIGN OUTSIDE THE INN may change with changing times, says Mr XXX, but not the scene inside. There you'll find to-day very much the same men as laughed at the original joke of the cat & fiddle long, long ago. They go there now for exactly the same good reasons as then — to have a pint of beer with their friends, to forget their labour, to pacify their minds. So you should too.

To keep you fit as the fiddle

beer is best

and four is seventy six
six and fourpence
6 and 9 is 15
and 3 is 18
and 8 is 26
and 19 is 45
forty five
That's eight forty five
NO. NINE FORTY-FIVE
(where have I gone wrong?)
NINE FORTY FIVE
(He wants this by six)
I'll have to cast it up again
late home again to-night
AND STACKS OF WORK STILL WAITING
Gosh! What wouldn't I give for an ARDATH!
ARDATH
CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES
10 6
MILD and satisfying
20 1

The LAUGHING SHARK

Too many trusting job-seekers fall into the hands of the employment sharks

by Hannen Swaffer

FOR years JOHN BULL has waged a war on bogus employment agencies. Time after time, too, the L.C.C. has sought to bring to a stop the operations of the sharks, who, by means of these "employment agencies," fleece the unemployed.

You would not believe that such a thing could go on. But it does go on—and in the heart of London, with policemen walking by, and parsons round the corner, and Primrose League dames saying, "How nice and happy people are!"

All over London, fake employment agencies flourish. Often, they are one-man concerns, which, in return for a fee or an investment, pretend to find employment for workless people at remunerative rates.

Yet because the L.C.C.'s powers, which it obtained in 1921, are not strong enough, anyone, honest or dishonest, jailbird or good citizen, can, as the law stands to-day, open an "employment agency" almost without let or hindrance.

The powers given to the L.C.C. amount to little more than the right to refuse a licence to a person under twenty-one, or to withhold one from a person who "might be deemed unsuitable," or to someone whose premises are unsuitable!

For years these powers have been almost worse than useless, especially as the L.C.C. has slender means to discover whether an applicant is unsuitable without specific information reaching it beforehand.

Now, in spite of the "powers" given it in 1921, every year since then—that is, for over fifteen years—the Public Control Committee of the L.C.C. has been receiving complaints from people who have been robbed by employment agency promoters.

Although, in some cases, the licences have been revoked, the fact remains that on the records at County Hall, or at Scotland Yard, there are cases where criminals, in and out of jail, have given false names, or set up nominees, in order to get licences which have enabled them to swindle the public with impunity.

And this will go on until the L.C.C. obtains stronger powers.

Yet the Home Office, after taking nearly six months to consider the matter, has just refused the L.C.C.'s request for an enquiry of *any kind* into the general condition of employment agencies.

Now, how much longer has the L.C.C. to go on pressing its case? For how much longer are the unemployed to be robbed merely because the Home Office will do nothing to strengthen the hand of a London County Council which knows all about it?

Not long ago, a man opened an employment agency in London. As he had agreed to charge only half-a-crown for registration, and nothing was discovered about him, he was given a licence.

Then, after a month or two, complaints began to roll in. Enquiries revealed that he was only the "shadow" for a jailbird.

True it is that he only charged half-a-crown. But that was not all that happened, just taking half-crowns from mutts.

The workless people who, in their despair, were willing to pay half-a-crown in the vain hope of obtaining employment, were then introduced by the shadow to the chief crook and other associates. Then the real crookery began.

The criminal and his friends told wonderful stories of a chain of stores they were proposing to open throughout the land, and by promising, in these non-existent stores, managerial posts that would never materialise, they lifted from unemployed men as "investments" sums ranging from £200 to £500!

There are in London to-day no fewer than 800 licensed employment agencies. The L.C.C. knows that many of them are bogus. The police know, too.

But before the L.C.C. can take any action, it has got to spend money in getting the evidence that an agency under suspicion is really bogus. *I mean they have to prove it up to the hilt.*

And before the police can act, they, too, have to obtain *definite* evidence that a concern is fraudulent. Otherwise, a magistrate will not grant a warrant.

Now, as neither the police nor the L.C.C. have the time or the money to keep under an eagle eye all the activities of all these 800 employment agencies, wholesale robbery of the unemployed goes on unchecked.

Well, in 1929, the L.C.C., overwhelmed with complaints from workless people who had been deluded, tried to get an extension of their powers. It was told that the case made out was not strong enough! And so it failed. Whitehall would not even hold an enquiry into the need for an enquiry.

Then another seven years passed. Still the complaints poured in. In some cases, young girls who had paid fees to swindling agencies for jobs had found out that these jobs were traps which might have ended in their finding themselves on the streets.

So the L.C.C. had another go.

In June, 1936, after reviewing the problem very closely, the Public Control Committee passed the following resolution:—

"That, in the opinion of the Council, it is desirable that a public inquiry into the general conduct of employment agencies, including the question of fees they should be permitted to charge, should be undertaken; and that the Secretary of State for Home Affairs be requested to take the necessary steps in the matter."

Well, the resolution and the reasons for it was laid before the Home Office. In a carefully framed letter the L.C.C. suggested that, as other large cities and towns were involved, a public enquiry should be set up into the general conduct of employment agencies.

It pointed out that, though it knew that the problem was a very real one, it had no power to *demand* evidence from witnesses, and found it most difficult even to get them to come forward to substantiate their grievances.

But the Home Office was not having any. "The Secretary of State, after careful consideration," came the reply, "regrets that, on the information before him, he does not feel justified in instituting a public enquiry on the subject."

That was that!

The L.C.C., knowing its subject from long experience, and knowing better than any official body the gravity of it, still battled on.

It returned to the attack, and asked the Home Secretary if, as he had refused a public enquiry, he would receive a deputation from the Council in support of its request.

So, last January, a deputation was so received.

There was silence from January 26, when the deputation hoped for success to attain its efforts at last, until June 11. Then the L.C.C. got merely a short note—"The Secretary of State regrets that he does not feel able to depart from the decision conveyed to you in the Home Office letter of October 30, 1936."

So a battle started by the L.C.C. in far-off 1929 is still no nearer being won! Meanwhile, the sharks are laughing up their sleeves.

Spurious agencies flourish, and the pockets of poor struggling people are robbed.

Let me give one or two cases. A concern was until recently in business under an impressive title in London's West End. It was, despite its name, nothing more than an alias for its proprietor, who advertised his willingness to introduce people to employment in return for a fee.

Mostly, after he had secured his fees, he did nothing.

In a short space of time no fewer than 1,440 men who had responded to his invitations lodged complaints with the L.C.C.!

There is one man who has changed his name time and again, and opened up different agencies in provincial towns. After scores of dupes at Plymouth, he opened up at Leeds. Then he went on to Bristol, Leicester, Derby, and so on.

This crook did not even bother to register.

He stayed in each town just long long enough to get a quick harvest by a series of rapid advertisements in the local papers.

Now I could quote, if I had space, scores of cases—the tragedies of people who have been tricked of their life's savings by these crooks. The facts are vouched for by thousands of people.

★ Politics and You ★

Place *in the* Sun *for* All

THE Government has set up a Royal Commission and given it what some people will think a curious job to do.

It has been asked to find out why people live crowded together in large centres, and what the chances are of their going on doing so. It has also been asked to report on the disadvantages of such congestion on the health and safety of the nation and to advise Parliament what steps to take to alter things.

Much of what the Commission will discover is, of course, already well known. The reason why the workers crowded together in the big industrial areas was not because they preferred the drab streets of cities to the lanes of the countryside.

There is no mystery about it. They flocked to these centres because the factories, mills and workshops were there. And the factories, mills and workshops were put there because, at that time, it was the best and most economical place to put them.

To-day, the descendants of those workers are again on the move. The old mill has been closed; the factory put on short-time. New processes have come in; to be near coal no longer matters.

Industry is shifting southwards, especially to the London area. And with the industries are coming people to work in them, especially the young people. London now covers an area of nearly 120 square miles, contains a quarter of the whole population and is increasing at a truly alarming rate.

Such an enquiry, therefore, is long overdue. The problems that confront statesmen to-day would have been far less acute if there had been one a hundred and fifty years ago before the vast slums fashioned by the coming of the factory system had come into being.

Excuse can, however, be found for the politicians of that generation. They were less enlightened than we pride ourselves on being and hadn't our experience.

The Commission can come, surely, to only one conclusion. There is only one way to give the people both the blessings of the countryside and the maximum protection from gas attack from the air: that is to spread them, and industries with them, in smaller communities over the country.

This will mean a ruthless interference with the present rights of employers to put their works where they please. Will the Commission be fearless enough to say so? It has a wonderful opportunity. Will it take it? If it does, it may change the face of Britain and bring happiness to countless generations.

Man With 13 Masks

Outstanding among film character actors is Paul Muni, who can change his face every time a new character is required.

Thirteen successful parts now stand to his credit and remarkable pictures of his transformation to success are a feature of the sixty-page Summer Extra Number of Film Weekly, just out, price 6d.

This special number is one of the finest digests of news, portraits, features and stories ever produced for film fans. Exclusive information about coming productions and superb full-page photographs of the screen's most glamorous personalities make this an issue not to be missed on any account.

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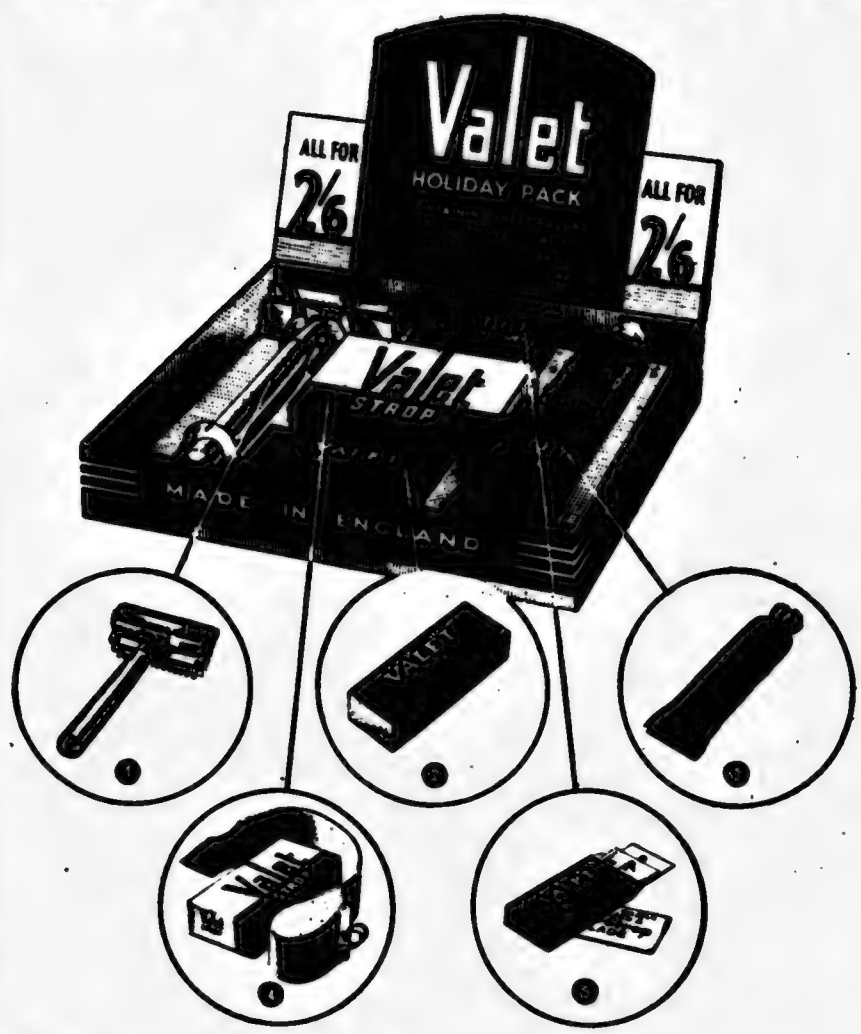

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FERTILLETTES for Garden Use. Guaranteed 15 per cent. Nitrogen, 20 p.c. Phosphoric Acid, 25 p.c. Potash. Send P.O. for 1/- tin of 36 tablets.—Butts & Son, 4, Lloyds Avenue, E.C.3.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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OBESITY round abdomen easily defeated with a Battle Belt. Improves appearance and makes one feel like going in for physical exercise. Belts from 4/11 post free. Illust. folder & price list free on request.—Write, C. Battle & Co. (Dept. M.13), 34, Buckingham St., Strand, Ldn., W.C.2.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, TIB LANE, MANCHESTER, 2.

JARS WANTED, 1-oz. to 1-oz., suitable for a cream, in opal, glass or bakelite; to be used for a cheap store line; send samples and prices for 100,000 lots to 46, BLENHEIM ROAD, LONDON, N.19.

ACCEPT this free offer: A sample tube of Park-Davis Shaving Cream will be sent to all readers who write to Box 226 64, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Write for free trial now. See p. 34.

FILL in the coupon in BOURNVILLE Cocoa announcement on p. 12 for a copy of a 48-page gift book illustrating the numerous varieties of gifts offered in exchange for coupons from BOURNVILLE Cocoa, together with free coupon.

A FREE pattern book of patterns and embroidery transfers will be sent to all women readers who write to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 168, Hull. The actual patterns and transfers are given free in exchange for Robin Starch carton tops. Write at once for your free copy of the pattern book, "Notions For Your Needle" (1937). Every woman ought to have a copy. See p. 23.

HOUSEWIVES, get this Free Cookery Book. Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 23.

A TRIAL Tube of Kolynos Dental Cream will be sent on application to Kolynos (Dept. 87C), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. See p. 29.

FREE Cash Prizes. £20 in prizes is offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 29. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget.

FREE.—Every woman reader of this paper can obtain a special package of New Veet. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, etc., to Dan Heath Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 42D), Cunard Rd., Acton, London, N.W.10. See p. 31.

FREE.—Pennings' Every Mother's Book. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. See page 31.

A FREE supply of Steradent, which cleans and purifies dentures is offered to readers sending 1½d. stamp to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.70), Kingston Works, Hull. See p. 32.

FREE Yeast supplied with each tin of Viggerman, with which you can make home beer. Further particulars appear on page 34.

FREE.—Women readers can obtain a Beauty Outfit, containing Tokalon Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. stamp for postage, packing, etc., stating colour of powder you use, to Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222N), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. See page 35.

IN view of the increased popularity of Holiday Camps and the better facilities for reaching them by Coach, London Coastal Coaches have issued a special and very comprehensive little folder called "Guide to Holiday Camps from London," which should prove invaluable. It gives a list of 87 different camps to book to and fares. Further information can be obtained from London Coastal Coaches, Victoria Coach Station, London, S.W.1. See page 16.

MAN v. NATURE

Full-Time Job that Means

WAR *without* END

THERE'S another war in the offing that you are going to help pay for—the battle to save the sinking fens of Lincolnshire.

At a modest estimate it is going to cost £60,000,000 to prevent repetition of the disastrous floods of last winter.

For a few generations man will think he is winning his war with Nature. It is part of Nature's tactics to flatter, to deceive.

Then the fickle dame will hit back harder than ever—not necessarily with the flood weapon next time. And we shall have to foot an even heavier bill to gain the ascendancy for a few more years.

It is always thus. That £60,000,000 we must find to make the Fenlands safe represents the price man must pay for his interference with Nature.

Beneath this stretch of water lie roads and meadowland. Nature floods thousands of miles each year in answer to man's meddling

Our forefathers were all cock-a-hoop. Three hundred years ago, when they embarked on a very expensive scheme of land drainage that eventually enabled us to reclaim from the sea some of the richest farmland of our country.

Their joy underwent a change when they found that the same drainage that was saving this wonderful soil was also carrying it away to waste.

In 1848, when we had completed another vast reclamation scheme, a long stake was driven into a typical farming patch near Ely. The head was flush with the ground level, so that future generations would know to what an extent drainage killed as well as cured.

To-day the head stands 11 ft. 6 in. above the surrounding level.

The mind cannot grasp the full extent of the loss in light, rich soil worth £60 an acre which was our legacy from a primeval forest of eternal darkness.

All over the world it is the same. The United States of America may comprise a nation of ideas and gigantic schemes—but Nature gives them no more quarter than she does us.

America's big-scale reclamation schemes notwithstanding, her experts say she has lost a hundred million acres of farming land to this continual wearing away of the soil. It already represents an annual loss of £30,000,000. Unless something is done the cumulative loss over the next fifty years will total £4,000,000,000.

Well, they are doing something. They have planted fifty million trees this year as a beginning. Nine million acres of forest have been planted, and that, it is thought, will arrest the dreadful loss.

Canada has planted 100,000,000 trees in twenty years to save the prairies. All over Africa, from the Sahara to the Cape, afforestation is going on.

You follow the reasoning. Our dismal forefathers wilfully and ignorantly destroyed the forests and now their descendants must grow them again—or suffer the consequences.

But there may be a snag in which Nature may to-day regard afforestation as an impertinent interference.

It is early yet to be able to say for certain that growing huge forests on land that has undergone tremendous changes will not bring new and unsuspected calamities.

Over vast areas of the world our forefathers destroyed the grass lands. That has given us floods.

They moved their homes into valleys intended by Nature for the safe holding of flood waters—confining the rivers themselves to ridiculously small channelways.

Think of the huge death-roll in a number of floods of recent years and ask yourself whether we haven't paid the full price—and more—for that.

Our forefathers exterminated animals that were native to particular countries. In Alaska and Yukon, for instance, it was the caribou. The result was that scores of thousands of Eskimos, and not a few white settlers, were starved to death.

One of the greatest epics of the frozen North was the seven years' trek of reindeer to this region. Man, humbly admitting his mistake, was undoing his great wrong.

It is no new story how man took rabbits to Australia and did that country an injury from which it can never hope to recover.

Australians are more watchful now. They forbid even the importation of Alsatian dogs, fearing that they might breed with the native wild dog, the dingo, and so infest the country with pests of tremendous ferocity.

Man has himself to blame for drought as well as flood in many parts of the world.

In Western North America, for instance, he ploughed up and destroyed the growth that was the only protection against erosion by the wind. And so rich soil was reduced to powder, in which form it has been carried away thousands of miles to places where it is little wanted.

Left behind was an arid waste, waterless, eye-aching in its desolation.

The loss of one inch of topsoil to an average farmer, says Dr. Wyatt, of the University of Alberta, represents a loss of 300 lb. of phosphorus, 1,500 lb. of nitrogen and 15 tons of organic matter.

To replace those losses entails the use of 160 tons of manure and five tons of sodium nitrate per *acre*, which farmers cannot afford.

Think of Canada's 235,000 square miles of prairie. They used to be fertile, rich and loamy and covered with grasses that made excellent hay. Slight undulations collected the rains, and great herds of buffalo and other food-yielding animals roamed the territory.

Then man, in a fit of cleverness, found out how to plough on an intensive scale—wasn't content until he had developed the high-speed motor plough. The protective grasses were torn up ruthlessly, the rain-catching undulations levelled out.

Now man is pouring out thousands of pounds on grass seeds. He has formed Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Committees. He is paying through the nose for farm laboratories which he hopes will enable him to undo some of the harm his forefathers did.

He can't replace the undulations, so he must buy alfalfa, the plant which is capable of reaching water at great depths. This he grows with crested wheat grass and other grasses brought from as far away as Siberia.

Yes, Man thought he was clever. Now Nature is teaching him a lesson.

It has made him foot a bill of £375,000,000 in eight years for drought alone. She usually hits us in our pocket—taking toll of lives when we don't pay up.

As an example, a great belt of forest used to grow from the north to the south of the continent of America. Man saw money in it—hacked it down.

Not until he had levelled it did he find he had destroyed the huge protective barrier Nature had erected against the storms that sweep the country and which tear up and destroy everything in their pathway and take heavy toll of human life.

"Your money or your life," says Nature. Uncle Sam now intends to pay in money. He is building a shelter belt area that won't be one-tenth as good as Nature's own, but will cost a ruinous amount.

The same ignorant destruction of that forest belt is costing her scores of millions of dollars annually through her State Soil Erosion Service.

The old Red Indian chiefs used to bow three times in reverence and awe to a tree.

The white man stood and laughed at him—and cut down the tree. We know now who was right.

Let us take a two-minute tour of the world.

The Koreans stripped the forests off the Changpaisho range of mountains, which divide Manchukuo from Korea, until they were quite bald. They have had terrible floods, appalling death rolls, ever since.

Millions of pounds of Japanese money are being spent to drape the mountaintops again.

Here they are, fighting the floods. It's become their annual task

In South Africa farmers ploughed the mountain sides into furrows, eager to add to their acreage. Down hundreds of thousands of furrows came the floods, to wash their topsoil away.

Forests are an effective means of draining swampy lands. The world owes many of its worst breeding grounds for deadly mosquitoes and other disease-carrying pests to the man with an axe.

Now let us look at the Lower Mississippi Valley—scene of calamitous floods.

Man chopped down the forests which under the particular circumstances ruling there conserved water underground. Those forests released flood water into the rivers at "stream flow," and not "flood flow," this breaking the violence of the rain and retarded the melting of the snow.

Man dammed up the waters to turn a natural watershed into a "desirable residential neighbourhood," and so, in consequence, must continue to pay in lives and money.

Yet even the Mississippi floods pale into insignificance compared with the Chinese floods of 1931. There 4,232,400 families were rendered homeless—equal to the entire farm population of America. Nearly sixty out of every thousand residents died in the first hundred days of the flood.

The experts have been talking about that flood area, and they say plainly that while human beings continue to devote their lives in searching for the best soil, where Nature never intended they should live, such disasters will recur.

In fact, they have contributed to the danger. Says the official report: "Farmers, in making a network of dykes in the Yangtse Valley, have prevented the normal overflow of the rivers. Thus the plains cannot, as they normally would, build themselves higher and higher each year."

And so, in China in 1931. Man suffered a terrible defeat for his folly.

It has always been the same. We owe the Sahara desert to the ancients who removed the trees and vegetation.

In South Russia, to-day, modern intensive farming methods are slowly but surely creating gigantic new deserts.

The war of Man *v.* Nature goes on—with Man, for all his ability to kill his own prototypes, no match at all in the combat.

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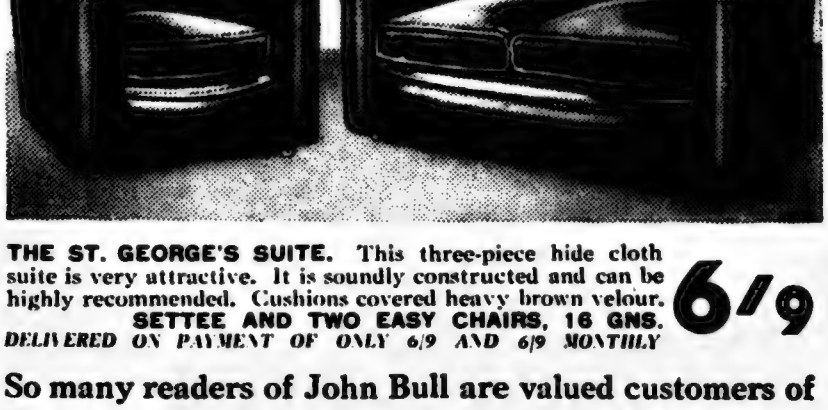

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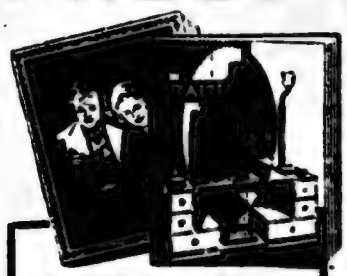

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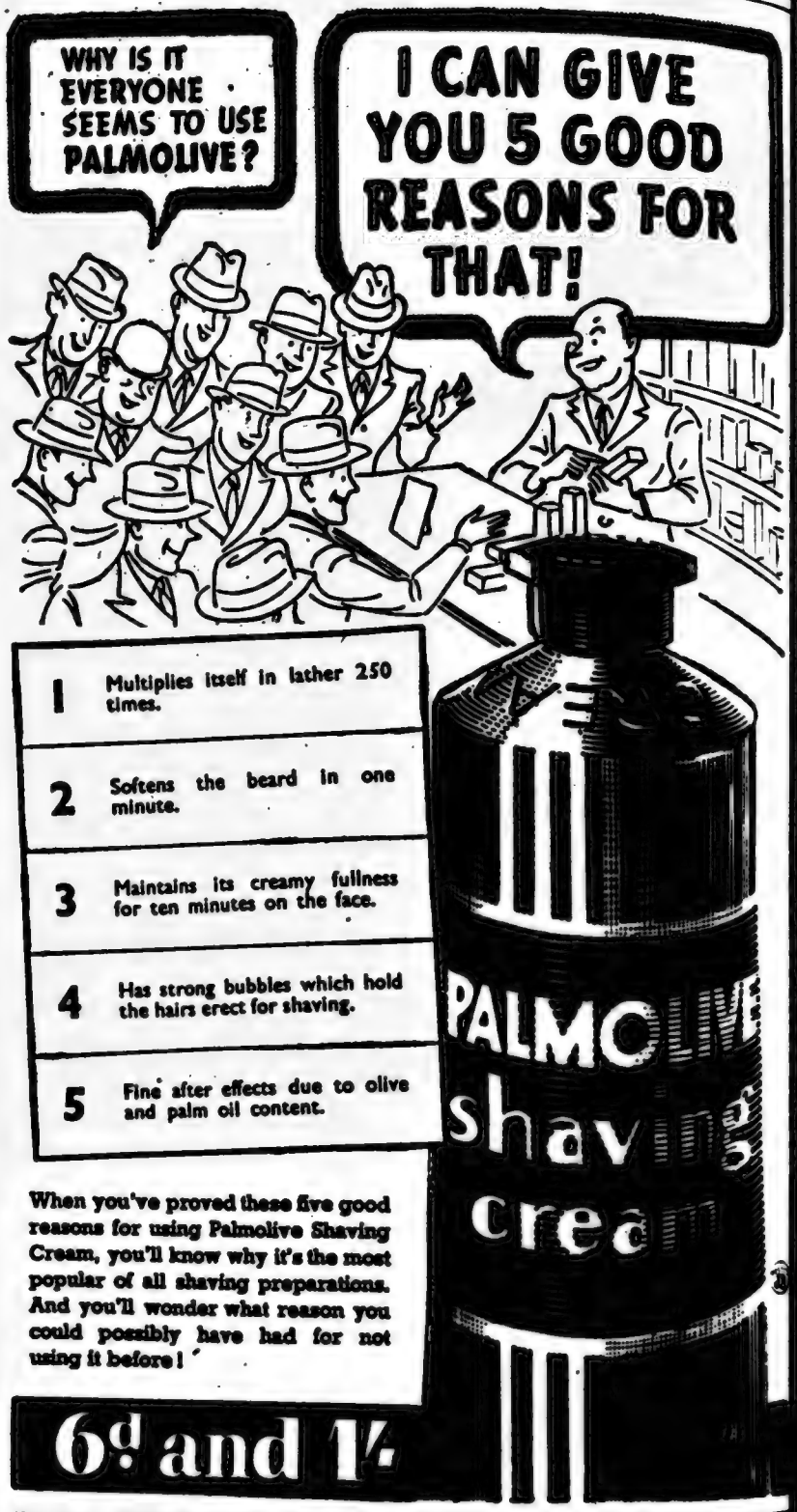
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Mechanised Britain—3

In every phase of our national life mechanisation is making itself felt.

This week our special investigator tells of its far-reaching effects in facilitating the detection and prevention of crime.

A class at Sheffield, where training includes detailed instructions in the assembly of police motor-cycle engines

The Robot ROBERT

NOT so many years ago—it was after the war—an Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, wanting to examine an exhibit in a murder case, called for a microscope. And there was not one in the whole of New Scotland Yard!

The nearest approach was a half-crown magnifying-glass. The comments of the Assistant Commissioner when this reading glass was handed him are still remembered with admiring wonderment by old inhabitants of the "Yard."

It is since the war, also, that detectives in London were given their first motor-car—a hard-driven, much-used Crossley tender, demobilised from the Royal Air Force.

Until quite recently a written instruction or information report from one department to another of Scotland Yard might take an hour to reach destination. It would be collected by a messenger on regular round, and a full tour of the offices occupied a long time—as messengers travel.

To-day, however, Scotland Yard stands as headquarters of a remodelled police force in which tremendous strides have been made towards mechanisation. The process, although far advanced, is by no means complete.

Every day new appliances and machines are brought into service for speeding up work and increasing efficiency. And the changes in London are being duplicated gradually all over the country.

Very truly one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary observed in his recent report, "The constable on wheels is fast replacing the constable on foot."

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In the Metropolitan area there are now no fewer than 500 police motor vehicles in daily use, from £2,000 high-speed touring cars to despatch delivery vans. In addition, there is a reserve fleet ready for emergencies of breakdown or exceptional circumstances, and a number of cars allotted to headquarters.

Six great garages house the police motors, and two other garages are building. The repair shop at Barnes is fitted out as completely as a small motor factory; probably the best motor works under Government.

Last year the police motor vehicles in London covered no fewer than 15,000,000 miles on regular observation and traffic control duties. The authorised drivers in the Metropolitan Police number 2,500 men. Every officer from the rank of inspector upwards must now learn to drive and pass the rigid tests of the Instructional School at Hendon.

This training establishment is unique. There is no other school like it anywhere. Accept my assurance that an officer who passes successfully through the various courses, and in the end comes under Lord Cottenham for tuition in high speed work, can do uncanny, breath-stopping things with a motor car which would make the average "lad of the village" race-track driver decide to lead a better life.

It is the only driving school where a pupil is taught how to crash (if necessary) with as much safety as possible to passengers and himself, and the certainty that the other car—which is being chased—will be ditched effectively.

While on this subject of the motoring police, I want to dispose of a rather cherished fiction of newspaper writers, which is that police cars are commonly disguised; that they appear on the roads as motor hearses, furniture vans, or something else equally ridiculous.

Police cars are never camouflaged outwardly. But they may be *inside*. That is to say, there are police cars which look like twelve-horse-power cars of a famous make, but under the bonnet hold a thirty-horse-power engine, and behind an entirely different chassis from the normal.

All police cars on detective patrol look like ordinary civilian vehicles, with a rather notable difference—which, fortunately, the public does not realise, and which is being altered. I may not write about this. It is a secret held under pledge.

Wireless communication has made the greatest change of all in police work. The larger part of England is covered now by a special system of police wireless telegraphy and telephony.

Even the smallest county—Rutland-shire, with a constabulary numbering fewer than twenty-five officers and men—is linked with adjoining city and county police by wireless.

Rutland has no crime of its own—Rutland people never do wrong—but twelve miles of the Great North Road passes through the county, and at any moment the Rutland police might be required to close the highway to aid the capture of an escaping motor bandit.

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So in the Rutland police headquarters a loud-speaker cries out any important message, from Scotland Yard; from Birmingham; from Newcastle, passed through the Nottingham City Police.

Within thirty seconds of Scotland Yard circulating a wireless call that an escaped suspect was travelling the North Road by car Rutland would know of it, and be ready to stop all traffic.

Regional wireless for police purposes is now in operation from Nottingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle. In addition, the West Riding of Yorkshire police has an effective installation which covers the whole of the county. In Scotland the Glasgow police can communicate with any police post or car over a radius of thirty-five miles.

Many city and borough police use their own specialised wireless. At Brighton, for example, they have practised and secured good results with a system, the invention of a police officer, by which a portable wireless receiving set is carried in the helmet of the individual policeman.

In London wireless communication has reached the point of 95 per cent. efficiency. There are two police wireless stations—one at Denmark Hill for the reception of messages from patrolling cars, and the other at West Wickham, Kent, for outgoing messages.

This latter installation is designed so that it will be ultimately the centre for the circulation of urgent police messages throughout the British Isles.

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Denmark Hill and West Wickham are linked with the Informations Room at Scotland Yard by land telephone and telegraph lines.

There is no relay of incoming or outgoing messages. The flow is unbroken—the sending and reception of messages is for practical purposes instantaneous.

Informations Room is the connecting link between headquarters and every police station and police motor car in all the 700 square miles of the Metropolitan area.

Here, day and night, a sub-divisional inspector with a detective officer is in charge. Between the bank of telegraph and telephone instruments at each end of the room are four great tables carrying squared district maps of London.

On these maps, movable discs represent the positions of police cars and traffic control vehicles out on duty. The discs are shifted as the cars report by wireless their necessary wanderings.

At a glance the control officer knows exactly where the cars are. When news of a crime comes in he can order a concentration around any point.

Messages for police stations are sent from this room by teleprinter—the wonderful electrical machine which types out words at the reception end while the keyboard is being tapped by the despatching operator.

With regret, I must explode another fable. "Scotland Yard calling all cars. Scotland Yard calling all cars." Those words given to the public by the films and detective stories *are never used*.

Every wireless message goes out in morse and not in clear. Cars are called up by code letter and number. They talk back to Scotland Yard in morse under their code letter and number.

As with the motor cars, so with the Thames police launches working on the river. They now are controlled by wireless. The latest type of launch has two-way communication. These newest boats—which have a speed of forty knots—can converse with each other like ships at sea as well as listen and report to headquarters.

The measure of success achieved by the network of police wireless covering London is evidenced by the fact that during the past twelve months 3,131 arrests of offenders were directly due to messages circulated by the Informations Room.

In one instance a burglar was caught within four minutes of the report of the crime being received by the Room, and the despatch of the warning to the nearest police car. That burglar is now undergoing a sentence of three years' penal servitude. Without the wireless he would have escaped.

By smaller ways mechanisation has simplified the work of the Metropolitan Police.

Travelling dark-rooms are now used by the experts of the photographic and finger-print departments. Photographs at the scene of a murder or other serious crime are developed and prints taken on the spot within twenty minutes of the exposure of the camera plates.

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There is no loss of time as used to occur when the photographer had to travel back to a divisional police station to do his developing and printing.

At Scotland Yard itself pneumatic tubes were installed just before the Coronation for the passing of messages and reports between departments.

Each day sees additions to the mechanical appliances. All outer divisions are now equipped with the familiar blue telephone posts. There are 580 of these boxes.

The Exeter City Police were the first to use this specialised telephone system, which has been copied by London and all England.

Shortly Scotland Yard is likely to have its battery of dictaphones to simplify and accelerate office work.

All our policemen have fast become mechanised in crime protection and detection, *but less and less mechanical.*

You Never Know

A FRANTIC banging brought a Lancashire man to his front door with more than usual alacrity early one morning recently.

Then the startled exclamation of the neighbour who had roused him—"Quick, your front bedroom's on fire"—sent him rushing upstairs with even greater speed.

Ten seconds sufficed to satisfy him that his two children who occupied the room, aged five and three respectively, were safe, after which—well, even the fact that the bed was blazing like a torch and the flames were spreading to the other furniture seemed comparatively insignificant.

It seemed that one of the children, in play, must have put a match to the bed. But a father, grateful to have his children alive and well, is not in a mood for enquiry.

When fire brigade and police had played their part in subduing the outbreak, and all that was left of the front bedroom furniture was ash and twisted ironwork, there was time to consider the damage.

The outlook was a gloomy one, until the letter-box clicked and there, on the mat, lay a cheque from JOHN BULL in respect of the householder's loss.

"It was the most sensible thing I ever did, registering with JOHN BULL," he has written to us since.

It certainly needed no more effort on his part than putting his signature to a coupon, such a coupon as awaits your signature, now, on page 38.

Why not turn to it without delay? You never know. . . .

Great Industry

BEHIND the great appeal to the nation to bring out its "scrap metal" lies a remarkable story.

Did you know, for instance, that all our supplies of steel are controlled by a "ring" which can be influenced in its actions by foreign members of the International Cartel of which it is a member?

The "ring" has been endowed with monopoly powers by the Government, and can restrict imports and influence duties against suppliers who are not members of the Cartel.

The result is an exorbitant rise in steel prices, the ordered progress of rearmament placed in jeopardy, chaos and steel famine among industrial users, with consequent unemployment which must spread on an increasing scale.

WE are beating pots and pans and old iron bedsteads into guns and shells and battleships.

A few days ago a nation-wide appeal was launched to housewives to bring out their old iron. Every rag-and-bone man suddenly attained the status of a public servant.

Dustmen who were once adamant about carting away an old coal-scuttle are obligingly ready to stagger out of the back garden with a two-hundredweight bathtub on their shoulders.

One man in Suffolk turned in an old paddle steamer which he had been using as a houseboat, and representatives of the "steel ring," who have started the appeal, were so pleased about it that they came and lunched on board, complete with photographers!

Perhaps the picture would start housewives rummaging for old steel mattresses in the boxroom. And at night the B.B.C. speakers are exhorting the whole country to "do their bit" with a bit of steel or iron.

Frantic S O S

We want 12,000,000 tons of steel this year, 4,000,000 tons more than in the boom year of 1929. And, says the British Iron and Steel Corporation, subsidiary of the manufacturers' ring who are backing this frantic S O S, there are half a million tons of good scrap lying about attics and back gardens.

That 500,000 tons won't go far towards the 12,000,000 required. But it's a good idea. All grist to the mill. Yet—why?

There's a suspicious lot of noise about this scrap-raising campaign. And there are some funny sidelights to it.

Why, if the housewife's old fenders should become so suddenly important to the welfare of the nation, should scrap merchants be able to meet and form themselves into a ring with their foreign colleagues (as they did in London a week or so ago), and allot supplies and arrange prices among themselves?

Why should prices of scrap, behind this desperate campaign, be allowed to soar upwards—over £5 a ton today, £2 5s. a month or two ago, ten bob a year ago?

Why, if old iron pots and pans became matters of national emergency should thousands of tons of scrap be allowed to steam out of this country to foreign shores—like the shipment of tram-rails which left Ramsgate for Germany two weeks ago?

Puzzling

Why, if ample steel supplies have become an urgent ingredient in the lifeblood of the country, should thousands of tons of finished steel be allowed to leave the country for "foreign parts"—as it has been every week from every main port in the kingdom?

There are other sidelights. M.P.s almost every day are bombarding Ministers with questions about the steel shortage, about steel-using industries which are shutting down and throwing their men on the labour market. For instance, to quote from example in dozens from Hansard:

"7th July. *Mr. Banfield* (Soc., Wednesbury): Will the Minister do what he can at the moment to assist the number of small manufacturers who are unable to carry on their duties, whose men are unemployed, and whose businesses are losing all value of their goodwill?

"*Mr. Stanley*: Yes. I think Mr. Banfield has the best reason for knowing that, because he brought a case to my notice with the result that they did get some steel."

In that question and answer you get some idea of the steel position in this country—" he brought a case to my notice with the result that they did get some steel." As if steel were gold or bread, to be begged for!

And you may also get some inkling of the plight to which industry has been brought. And why this national scrap campaign has been brought to your doors.

What's it all about, anyway? What's the story behind it? JOHN BULL can tell you . . .

Three years ago the steel-manufacturing industry in this country was in a bad way. Mills and furnaces were closing down because they could not compete with imported steel. The story was that the lean years had not enabled the masters to modernise their equipment.

Scrap boom

So the Iron and Steel Federation—"the ring"—joined an International Cartel to arrange prices and stop dumping. It got duties slapped on imported steel; small duties against members of the Cartel, large, prohibitive duties against countries outside the Cartel.

That was a good thing, perhaps. It saved the industry and kept unemployment down among its workers.

Then, last year, when the rearmaments scheme was mooted, the "ring" went to the Government and, in return for the presumed pledge that it could supply the whole of the country's needs, it was given a monopoly, of imports, exports, manufacture and distribution.

And now, what has resulted from the handing over of the control of a vital commodity to a ring within the industry itself?

This . . . the price of finished steel has gone up 30 per cent. in a few months, and soars steadily higher week by week. There is colossal chaos within the industry and a steel famine without.

In the two years which have passed since the Government and the ring began to talk seriously about steel supplies, a steady stream of British ships for breaking up and scores of thousands of tons of British scrap have gone to foreign countries.

Scrap is a foundation of "finished" steel. You can get, roughly, 9 tons out of every eleven tons of scrap.

But, apart from such farcical aspects of the steel situation, there is the much more serious effect on industry as a whole.

In Scotland a few weeks ago three of the biggest re-rolling mills (Frederick Braby and Co.) had to close down, throwing hundreds of men out of work. Reason was shortage of supplies. The directors protested to the Federation against the "monopolistic control which has prevented independent firms getting a fair share of the available supplies."

Another big Scottish re-rolling firm pointed out that the steel manufacturers (the ring) had been given a monopoly of imported steel only on the understanding that adequate supplies would be given to consumers. That pledge has not been kept.

Even worse has happened. The Finance Bill which gave "the ring" a monopoly over all imported steel implied that consumers outside the Cartel (like the re-rolling mills mentioned) should not only have a fair share, *but get it at the same price* as members within the Cartel. That pledge, too, has been broken.

Scottish steel users have alleged that the Cartel have made an extra profit on this imported steel of 5s. a ton. In effect, on one batch of 300,000 tons of foreign steel the users have had to pay £75,000 more than they would have paid if they were allowed to buy direct. They are forbidden to buy direct.

Dr. Burgin, when the Government was tackled on the point at the beginning of the year, first denied that this profiteering could happen under the cloak of the monopoly—and then admitted it.

But see how the monopoly is affecting outside industries. According to the National Federation of Building Trades Employees, there are more girder men out of work than at any time for several years. Heavy steel is not coming along, or only at long delay. So scores of big building schemes have been held up and other workers besides the "steel men" in the building trade made unemployed.

Supplies stifled

There are ten times as many men employed in the building industry as in the whole steel manufacturing trade. Yet they have to grin and bear it. The employers, too, for whom the building boom is brought to a full stop, and general prosperity with it.

The builders turned round and said: Give us bars and rods, if we cannot get girders, and we will go on to ferro-concrete. But the ring has stopped that. It looks on bars and rods as competition to the heavy stuff. So it stifles supplies of raw steel to the re-rolling mills which make this light stuff, and at the same time sees that its own members do no manufacturing. So the building trade is hit both ways.

Unemployment, through the steel supply chaos, is accelerating everywhere. Scores of municipal contracts are being scrapped or held up because the ring will not permit contractors to tender except on a rising scale of prices for steelwork. It refuses to give firm prices for months ahead or guarantee delivery, except for a long time ahead.

Among other great constructional projects which have been scrapped with the promise of work for thousands are the bridges over the Forth and Humber and the Government offices rebuilding.

Any building using steel and over a couple of stories in height, whether factory, offices, shops or flats, is apparently classed as "luxury building," and must stop.

At least £40,000,000 worth of railway extension schemes near London have been curtailed because of steel prices and famine. *The 5 per cent. fare increases is another example of how the public is paying for the steel muddle.*

Hundreds of miles of new road schemes have been abandoned because contractors cannot get metal-work for the foundations. The mining industry cannot get steel for dog spikes, of which it uses huge quantities for fixing rails underground. The re-rolling mills cannot supply.

To take more specific industries. The machine tool trade is a vital part of the rearmaments scheme.

DANGER

The might and power of steel is a thrilling thing until we realise that its very dominance places many other industries in jeopardy . . .

But it has been severely hit by the shortage and insensate rise in prices.

Steel castings for machine tools are double the price they were a year ago; a crank-shaft forging which cost £6 in 1936, now fetches as much as £25. They are putting price provisos on all their contracts now and refusing delivery within a specified time.

The Government inspectors run round the machine tool factories, but cannot do anything about it. *And in the end the taxpayer will pay.* And the motor-car and other industries which use machine tools.

Worst reports of all come from the Black Country, where thousands of men are out of work or on short time. One large firm, Taylor Lovett's, which usually employs 3,000 men on making sheets for motor-body building, has been on short time since Whitsun, and lives in the constant fear of closing down part of its works altogether.

Rumours

Even more serious are reports which have come in of the inferior *quality* of such rations of steel which have been received by some motor firms. The metal has not "stood" the presses, and there have been "crack-ups," causing great expense and delay. Birmingham and Coventry assembly shops have been closed down, and there are strong rumours, which at present the trade does not confirm, that one or two large motor firms are stopping production on next year's models.

Because of bad quality and poor supplies, some manufacturers are buying steel from America in spite of the prohibitive tariff which the Cartel had secured against this steel, simply to keep their works going.

Statements and protests about the unholy muddle into which the ring has brought the nation's industries are pouring in all the time, all of them from heads of big firms who have been supporters of tariff systems and everything they imply. Here is a sample from the chairman's speech at the recent meeting of Henry Hope and Sons, metal window manufacturers:—

"We have been obliged to place considerable orders with mills in the United States as a precaution against the partial closing of our factory. While the arrangements with the Continental Cartel provide for a 10 per cent. duty, steel from the U.S. must pay 33⅓ per cent. Only a small quantity can be obtained from the Continent, insufficient for our needs.

"It does seem an injustice that, in addition to paying 5s. income tax, plus the new defence tax, we should have to pay some thousands of pounds in extra duty on steel from the U.S. which we have been obliged to buy in order to keep our men employed.

"I suggest there is something wrong in these arrangements for the protection of the steel industry in this country which compel a firm like ourselves who have always bought our supplies in Britain to pay so heavy a duty as 33⅓ per cent. on the only material available."

There remains one other industry, comprising a multitude of firms and employing tens of thousands of men who have been driven into a dire plight by the stranglehold on steel: the Welsh tinplate industry.

It has had its supplies of metal cut off both from home and abroad. On the one hand are the restrictive, price-raising effects of our steel ring, on the other is the stoppage, through the Franco war, of supplies which formerly came from Bilbao.

Incidentally, those supplies now go from Bilbao to the German members of the International Steel Cartel. Hitler and Schacht between them have admitted that they are helping Franco for the sake of Spanish iron ore.

As Schacht has just said, "to divert these supplies from Britain will seriously embarrass the success of Britain's rearmaments scheme." Yet the Government permits our steel ring to stay in the Cartel. Truly, the needs of trade produce strange bedfellows.

The steel ring looks after the interests of members of its own trade first, but it is favouring the few at the expense of the many.

As one of the South Wales leaders pointed out the other day: "To convert a million tons of steel into steel bars employs 5,500 men; but to convert the same amount into tinplates employs 22,000 men, utilises 200,000 tons more coal and pays £2,500,000 more in wages. But that argument has not yet percolated through to Westminster."

Back to bricks

We could say a lot about other effects of the steel chaos on many industries, and about the vicious circle that results. Obviously, every thousand empty wage packets means less money spent at the grocer's, on furniture and clothes.

It means hungry children, rising public assistance costs, higher rates and taxes. Those guns are going to cost more and so will everything into which steel enters.

There is a brake on "recovery." And all because one industry has been allowed to legislate for itself—an industry which is a pigmy in employment as compared with mining, or building or agriculture, but yet can jeopardise the existence of all these others.

We could give other instances of the ring's work inside its own industry.

And, on that, there is one last point. The eventual effects of cartels are not only vicious, but stupid so far as industry is concerned.

What remedy?

For instance, the building trade, up to a year ago, was taking 35 per cent. of all finished steel produced in this country. But now, deprived of supplies for either steel-frame structures or ferro-concrete, it is being driven back on brick and stone.

Architects and building engineers are replanning for that return now. So, when the excessive demand has died down the steel industry will wake up to find it has lost a 35 per cent. customer.

What remedy is there for all this chaos?

First, as the May Committee reported a few days ago, all expansion schemes should be referred to an independent body, not to a cabal of producers within the trade to stifle as they please.

Second, and more important still, that same body should control the allotment of steel supplies to industrial users. Steel needs should be planned for the country as a whole and not merely at the dictates and for the sole benefit of the people who make it.

On the score of national emergency the "ring" must withdraw from the International Cartel. Cartels have been broken before and this has served its turn.

Tariff barriers against steel must come down while the ring is setting its house in order. We want steel desperately. It must come in. Tariffs, anyhow, do not stand like the rock of ages. They move about. Now's the time to move them down.

With regard to the internal organisation of the steel industry the "ring's" powers must be curbed, a step forward taken towards public ownership.

Get these points and we shall end the steel chaos and stop something which is rapidly approaching the dimensions of a national disaster.

CAPTAIN WYLIE *concludes* KING OF SMUGGLERS

The writer is a master mariner in the British Mercantile Marine, and spent four years in command of a smuggling schooner rum-running along the Baltic coasts. In recounting his adventures he sheds light upon a traffic about which little has been heard before . . .

Ashore, in the waterside haunts, the smugglers spent money freely
(a film impression)

Grim Cargo

AS wild as any of the bold, bad men of the cowboy films were the men who, day after day, came to meet me outside territorial waters to buy the contraband liquor I carried.

There was one gang in particular that I remember, led by a giant Finn.

He and his thirty men would dominate a town completely when they were not smuggling. Their money ensured that they received no interference from the police.

"Me and the boys spent well over ten thousand pounds," he told me of one particular three-day visit to the shore.

And I don't think that was his record, by any means.

Once he and his gang decided they liked a particular cabaret.

The thought occurred to them: Why not move it *in toto* to their island hide-out?

So by the simple expedient of making everybody drunk—the proprietor, the waiters, the orchestra, the artists and the cabaret girls—he moved the whole crowd to his particular little island.

They felt no grudge towards the smugglers when they were returned to their own town. In fact, they refused to give the police any information about it.

Of such stuff are the smugglers of the Baltic coast.

We were waiting for one such gang to arrive for a supply of liquor when we spotted coming towards us a gunboat and a patrol cruiser.

We wouldn't have been surprised if all the talking had been done with guns when they came alongside.

Instead . . . "How's business?" was the cheerful hail we heard from the captain of the gunboat.

It was bad, we told him. In fact, we conveyed that it would be a darned sight worse if he hung about very much.

Whereupon he boarded us, accompanied by a lieutenant and a very businesslike-looking sailor armed with a rifle and a fixed bayonet.

We got the two officers down to a bit of hard drinking. By that means we hoped to gain their friendship. In a small measure, I suppose, we did.

Just as we appeared to be succeeding, however, one of them surprised us by remarking: "Do you know you are in territorial waters, and liable to arrest?"

It was nonsense, of course. We were at least ten miles from the coast. I conveyed this information with polite firmness.

He replied that he was a poor and lowly servant of his Government, and he was expected to arrest us if we were within twelve miles of the coast. He added that if we cared to sheer off and place ourselves outside that limit he would leave us alone.

We did that at once—naturally. But dignity had to be maintained. I told him I would move only out of courtesy to him, and I gave him a letter pointing out this fact, so that he would know we were not renouncing our international rights.

We had another scare a few hours after that.

A boat pulled alongside, and a voice demanded four thousand litres. It was an imperious voice.

"Come on; let's have it, as quick as you like," it said.

And before we knew what was happening the smugglers had placed the dead body of one of their number—an engineer—on our deck.

They didn't want him, they said. He had been killed by exhaust fumes from the engine, they explained, and his presence on their craft would be a handicap with so many gunboats about.

Only when I refused to allow them to have any liquor would they consent to take the body back.

When they sailed away, with the body flung on top of their cargo, they cursed that poor dead smuggler in Finnish, Swedish, German and even English.

Later, we heard a grim sequel to that incident.

Landing, the men met two girls who wanted a drink. They indicated their boat.

"If you like to go aboard and look under a tarpaulin on deck," they said, "you'll find all the cognac you want."

One of the girls accepted the invitation; pulled the sheet on one side, and found her face within a few inches of that of the dead man.

She let out a terrible shriek—and lost her reason.

To have a dead body and a crazy girl on their hands was too much even for a pack of hardened smugglers, so they deserted their ship—having got rid of the liquor—and faded away to their island hide-out.

A few hours after we had been faced with this problem of the corpse a new difficulty came our way.

Fog loomed up, and just as we were loading up a smuggler a patrol boat came along and frightened him away.

To our dismay, we saw a new customer coming through the fog and making for the patrol boat, with the obvious intention of asking that boat for liquor.

Just in time, the newcomer discovered his mistake. With a shrieking engine, he tried to make off.

"Come alongside. You're very welcome," cried a voice from the patrol boat.

"Like hell, we will," came the answer from the smuggler, as he dived into the fog—to escape after a long and thrilling chase.

Then two young Esthonians—mere boys—turned up for a few hundred litres.

One of them sobbingly confided that his friend had caught his leg in the reciprocal part of the engine, tearing away his kneecap and inflicting other agonising injuries.

That meant sending one of our engineers off to see the lad was got to hospital—a trip taking three hours.

When he came back, he said the boy was one of the bravest he had ever met. "He never murmured," said the hardened sailor.

After that, our liquor supplies low, we made for shore, to be entertained at a dinner attended by the local military commander, the head of the coast-guards, prominent business men, and even representatives of the Church and the medical profession.

I only noticed one teetotaller there.

That man, who never tasted a drop, but was very anxious to fill up the glass of everybody else, was my host—the richest smuggler of liquor in the whole of Europe.

There were no ladies present. To me that seems very unjust, for two of the bravest smugglers I ever saw were women.

One of them I first met in the summer of 1934. We were lying twenty miles off Laransari Island, when there came alongside a boat commanded by a tough-looking youth, as I thought at first sight, who was a bit too immaculate to be a sailor.

Wearing shining seaboots, trim leather jerkin, cheese-cutter cap perched jauntily—here was a figure quite out of place on such a boat in such a place.

A woman, if you please. And within a minute of discovering that fact I found that her second-in-command was a woman, too.

The second-in-command was an even more impressive sight, six feet tall, proportionately broad, with a mass of blonde hair plaited and coiled round her head.

The two women helped in taking their cargo on board as well as any men.

That done, we offered them the glasses of cognac that are the "perks" of every smuggler when loading has finished. "Prosit," they murmured, and drained their glasses as if they were drinking milk.

When they were getting away, their propeller cut through the tow-line. The result was that a 1,000 "torpedo" of liquor zig-zagged to the bottom.

That immaculate little vixen in command let loose a torrent of oaths such as I have rarely heard surpassed and, with her face aflame with anger, gave her mate a crack on the head with a heavy wooden tiller.

Frau Foxtrot was the name by which

(Continued on page 24)

WHY MAKE YOURSELF ILL?

THOMSON, DOES A LAXATIVE KNOCK YOU UP AND MAKE YOU FEEL ROTTEN NEXT DAY?
NO OLD MAN. MY LAXATIVE ALMOST BEATS NATURE AT NATURALNESS LIXEN IT'S CALLED

Ask anyone who takes Lixen and they'll tell you what a joy it is — how entirely natural it is in action and yet how certain and effective — how pleasant and easy to take it is, and yet what entire

ABSENCE OF GRIPING

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ELIXIR OR LOZENGES?

Lixen Lozenges are sweety little squares, flavoured with blackcurrant and particularly ideal for children. Lixen Elixir is a pleasant tasting syrup. Try it and learn for yourself why it's called the good natured laxative.

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From all chemists. Elixir in bottles, 1/-, 1/9, 3/-. Lozenges, blackcurrant flavoured, in tins at 7½d. & 1/-.

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does you good

30 TUMBLERS *from each* **8½D BOTTLE**
also 6d. bottles. A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

ROBIN *Starch*

gives wings to your iron

Have you discovered the advantages of Robin Starch? It is a fine smooth powder with nothing to add for a gleaming, glossy finish. And when it comes to ironing, Robin seems to urge your iron along as if it had wings, swiftly, smoothly, never sticking. To obtain that fine professional finish what could be easier!

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" Guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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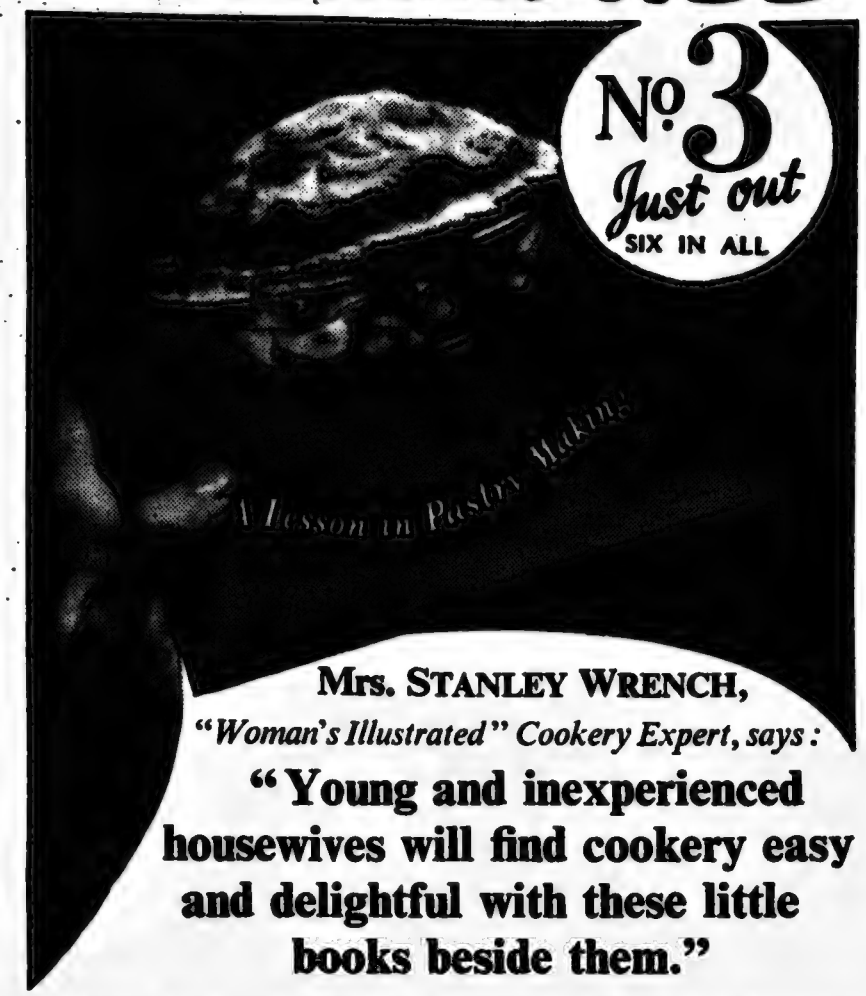
A COMPLETE COURSE IN HOME COOKING FREE



Mrs. STANLEY WRENCH,

"Woman's Illustrated" Cookery Expert, says:

"Young and inexperienced housewives will find cookery easy and delightful with these little books beside them."

No matter how experienced you are in cooking, there are often times when your pastry, so carefully and hopefully made for family or friends, doesn't turn out right. Maybe it's heavy or hard—perhaps the fat ran out in cooking—anyway, *something* went wrong.

Because these things *will* happen, we have published "A Lesson in Pastry Making," by Susan Croft, the well-known lecturer on home cooking. In a simple way it shows you the easiest and best methods of making every kind of pastry. It describes exactly what to do and how to do it. And perhaps most useful of all, it has a chapter which deals with those mysterious things that go wrong with pastry and tells you how to avoid them. Fill in the voucher and get your copy—FREE!

"A Lesson in Pastry Making" is the third in a series of six booklets on home cooking which is being issued by The Stork Co. No. 1 was on Cake Making, and No. 2 on Vegetable Cooking. If you've not had your free copies of these, ask for them NOW.

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Please send me a copy of your free booklet, "A Lesson in Pastry Making."

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SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D

There's a gift coupon with every pound

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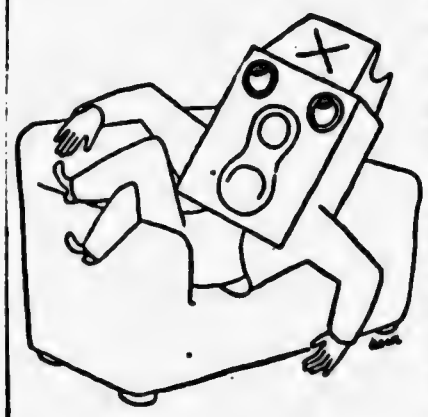
If view finder camera taking lifeless snaps—



it's a sure sign he needs Selo!

Give your camera a treat; give it a chance to show what it can do with a really lively film—Selo or Selochrome. These famous British films have so much extra speed and latitude, that even in a climate like ours—fine one day, dull the next—you can always be sure of brilliant lively snaps. Incidentally, Selo and Selochrome are made to suit all mokes of camera.

use SELO films

the power behind the lens

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED

Continuing

KING of SMUGGLERS

she was known, I learned later, and she is as crafty as they make 'em.

She relies on her feminine charm to buy her stuff at cheaper rates than her male contemporaries have to pay, but as for her youthful look—it is an illusion.

Far from being a girl, she is forty-nine and the mother of six children—five daughters who kept the home fires burning while she was smuggling and one son who helped in the smuggling.

The husband? In prison, I think. In any case, the family was not worrying about him overmuch.

I have said there were two such Amazons of the smuggling racket. I met the other not long afterwards. "Greta the Blonde" is her name.

Very different, she . . . in fact, little more than a bruiser, a bully and a boozer. Her smuggling is done between long fits of chronic inebriety.

She looked hag-like when I first saw her. She egged on her crew to fresh efforts of work by dint of pushing them about, and nagged, nagged, nagged all the time.

Yet there was a look of resolution in her face that reminded me of the Vikings.

These two women have never met. They never want to meet. They have, in fact, avoided any encounter.

Actually, some of the roughest of the rough-necks among the smugglers talk, in their cups, of kidnapping them both and putting them on an island together, just to see what would be the outcome of the fight that followed.

If there could be such a thing as a war of extinction, this, I think, would be one.

Many more voyages of adventure followed for my ship and myself.

Then I was given command of another vessel, registered at Hull. I didn't know it at the time, but my hand in the smuggling racket was nearing an end.

We had many entertaining experiences.

Once we sent a courtesy signal to a passing Russian warship, and got a lot of enjoyment seeing the men rushing round like mad to find the flags with which to reply.

We overhead the Swedish destroyer *Triton* telling Stockholm she was "on our tail." The joke was that she was following not us, but a harmless enough tramp steamer. But the Swedish Government, we knew, was after our blood.

There arrived one day the Swedish destroyer *Ocean*. We were moored to a buoy at the time.

Then the destroyer started target practice, using our buoy as a target—and soon managed to sink it.

I started an endless correspondence with the Swedish Government protesting that it was an act of war on the High Seas, and claiming compensation—but they would not have anything to do with it.

After that, the most disastrous voyage of all those I made with contraband.

My owners were far from pleased with it; in the first place, because we set out with a cargo for Denmark and failed to land it; in the second, because the activities of the patrols made it impossible for us to get rid of it elsewhere.

Then more disaster. It really looked as if our luck had clean given out.

We loaded up and set course for Finland. And alas! we again returned with our cargo still aboard, and, what is more, had just missed losing our ship by a hair's breadth on two occasions.

Once we saw what we thought was a steamer off the coast of Lithuania and sailed towards it. The next day we discovered that the "steamer" was really the coast, and that we had nearly sailed smack up on the beach.

The following night I put the bo'sun on watch while I turned in for a few hours. I was aroused by the sound of the steam whistle and rushed to the bridge.

Reaching the wheelhouse, I found snores issuing from within. The bo'sun had fallen asleep on watch and was pulling the whistle cord in the midst of a bad nightmare.

As to the course we were on, nobody knew.

Suddenly, a blur of light loomed ahead. I grabbed the wheel and altered course. A tremor—then we touched bottom.

Ringing the telegraph for full-speed ahead, however, we slid off into deep water.

Two wonderful escapes as part of two disastrous trips.

And now my log reads March 16, 1936.

We laid at Neufahrwasser, and my owners had just informed me that [illegible] were going to lay up the ship for [illegible] time, and that I could take a [illegible] earned leave in England.

March 18 saw me saying farewell [illegible] my little ship, and leaving her in [illegible] hands of my first mate.

And that was the last I saw of her.

On April 10 of this year, while [illegible] vessel was still laid up for the winter, reports reached me at my London home.

My ship had been arrested [illegible] Lithuania, and the mate and her crew thrown in prison.

From German newspaper cuttings that have been sent to me—my only source of information as to details—it appears that the ship was sent to [illegible] with the mate in charge, a most irregular procedure.

One report says the crew got drunk and it is alleged that a scrap with a Lithuanian cruiser followed.

An old friend who came to see me the other day says that the general feeling along the Baltic coastline is that the mate—good fellow, good friend, excellent sailor—will get ten years at least.

Such is fate!

Meanwhile, the craving is back in me. I want to go back. I shall go back when I can get a ship.

Why should I rust when there is all the thrills and excitement of a spirit-running game to be tasted?

There's fun among the smugglers that are still left to this dull old world. That's where *I* want to be, I don't mind telling you.

Beginning Next Week:

Unsolved Mysteries

NAMED and numbered, they lie in locked steel cabinets ready to hand for quick reference—the official files of murders, mystery deaths and grievous felonies which remain unsolved.

Every police headquarters in the land holds these special files. At any moment one of them may be called for, and the case reopened in the light of new information.

For not until an assize jury has returned a verdict of "Guilty" against the man or woman suspect in any of those particular cases will the file be marked: "Put away to store."

Every newspaper, too, has its crime library, kept up to date with every available piece of evidence. JOHN BULL has called for its own files in a selected number of sensational cases which created nation-wide interest, and has invited Stanley Bishop, ace of reporters, to re-examine each one in detail.

Evidence, revealed by the latest known facts, has been resifted; new theories have been carefully tested; baffling mysteries have been re-probed.

As a result, he has been enabled to write a series of articles, reconstructing these crimes from an entirely fresh angle.

Terry

"The Greatest of These . ."

TERRY, who is the youngest of four children, had the misfortune to be born in a "distressed area," and the circumstances of his family life are particularly distressing.

His ex-Service dad has been unemployed for five years. Previous to that he was on the sick list for three years.

Terry's mother has been an invalid for ten years. "It is for the children that I need help," she says, "as I and my husband have done without all these years to give our best to the children, always hoping that work would come.

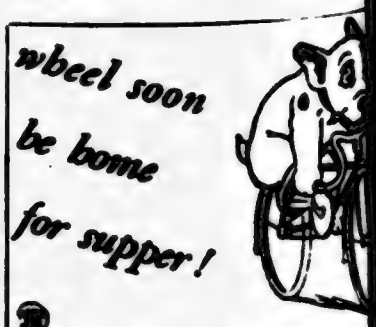
"My eldest girl, who will be sixteen in August, has been very ill with German measles and inflammation of the glands, and cannot regain her health. It has left her in a very weak state."

Another girl, aged fourteen, has spent the greater part of the last twelve months ill in bed. The third daughter, aged ten, has been delicate from birth, and is suffering from an abscess on gland, which the doctor ascribes to weakness.

"I really don't know which way to turn," says the children's mother.

Here is her dream of heaven: "If only we could get away from this distressed area, where my husband could get work. I could have the money to get my foot better, and perhaps the change would do the children good, and then the two eldest girls would be able to work."

Donations earmarked "Terry," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



Your family will soon get home for supper, if they know there's Pan Yan with it! Pan Yan flavour is so good—no one can resist it. And specially blended to stimulate the digestive [illegible] That means you get more nourishment from [illegible] food—more go and more for life! When [illegible] there is for supper, remember Pan Yan when [illegible] by the table. There's nothing like it to [illegible] your folks sprinning home!

Out of the exclusive Kellogg's WAXTITE bag come ten big helpings of the most nourishing breakfast in the world—oven-crisp and flavour-perfect down to the last luscious spoonful. Serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk or cream. They're ideal for lunch and supper, too.

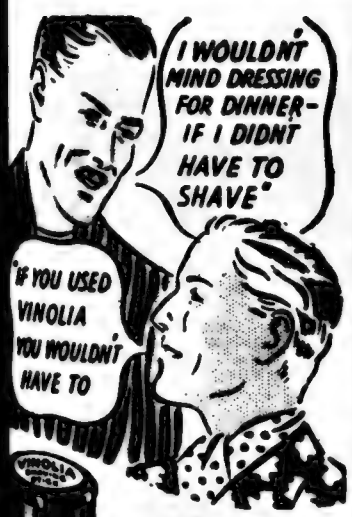
Demand Kellogg's

They're *made* better. *packed* better and *taste* better,

At all grocers' 5½D

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

OVEN-FRESH FLAVOUR-PERFECT



FOR SHAVES THAT LAST

The closer the shave the longer it lasts. And Vinolia shaves are closer—smoother and easier, too. Try Vinolia next time you buy shaving soap. See what a comfortable shave Vinolia gives you. And see how you still look well groomed late in the day—because Vinolia shaves last longer.

The low price of the Vinolia Shaving Stick includes a handsome bakelite drainer case.

VINOLIA SHAVING STICK

25 Shaves for **9D**

Vinolia Co., Ltd., London.

REFUSED!

-AND SHE'S RIGHT

DIRTY SHOES INDICATE UNTIDY HABITS AND LACK OF SELF-RESPECT

PAY DUE REGARD TO A SMART APPEARANCE START THE DAY RIGHT BY GIVING YOUR SHOES A BRILLIANT SHINE EVERY MORNING WITH

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It only takes a minute and keeps shoes at their best

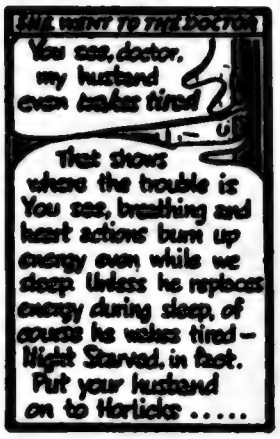
He *dared* not tell his wife!

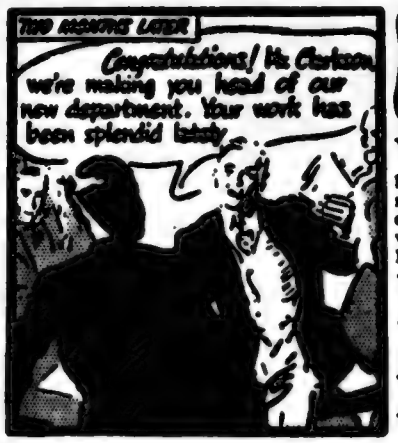
Oh Mr. Clarkson! I want you to meet Mr. Francis. He'll be working with you in this department
Wonder why they've hired that new man? There's no work for him unless they get rid of somebody...
THANKS
IT'S GOOD TO BE LIKE THEY SACK! I'VE BEEN SO TIRED LATELY
I JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE MY JOB—I'm still paying for the house and furniture!

*

MRS. CLARKSON HAD BEEN NOTICING HOW HER HUSBAND *WOKE TIRED* EVERY MORNING— IT WORRIED HER . . . SHE DECIDED TO SEE A DOCTOR

*


HE WENT TO THE DOCTOR
You see, doctor, my husband even wakes tired
That shows where the trouble is You see, breathing and heart actions burn up energy even while we sleep. Unless he replaces energy during sleep, of course he wakes tired—Night Starved, in fact. Put your husband on to Horlicks .....


TWO MONTHS LATER
Congratulations! Mr. Clarkson we're making you head of our new department. Your work has been splendid lately

Does your husband wake tired?

WAKING TIRED reduces a man's brain-power and efficiency, he can't do his best work—it makes him feel uncertain! Remember Horlicks, a cupful last thing at night ensures the right kind of sleep—gives a man vitality and energy all day. Prices from 2/-. Mixer 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

guards against

Night Starvation

Look into JOHN BULL'S Shop Window and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Bargains.

See pages 2, 3 and 16.

Make way for a plus dog

He'll never be listless again, never scratch, never be off his food. From now on he's a PLUS dog—always fit, always in lovely coat, always full of spirit.

You can easily make *your* dog a PLUS dog. All you need do is to purify his blood with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. This is *Nature's* way, for these famous powders contain the natural blood correctives that a dog in his wild state would find for himself in certain herbs and grasses.

By thoroughly purifying his blood, Bob Martin's will keep your dog free from all blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite. loose coat and eczema and swellings between the toes. They will do more; they will lift him to a sparkling new fitness, give him better *health*, better *coat*, better *spirits*—in fact, make him a PLUS dog.

A PLUS dog in seven days

To free your dog at once from all blood disorders and bring him up to the top of his form, give him a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (3 powders a day for seven days). Even in that short time he will develop the glorious PLUS dog fitness that every well-conditioned dog enjoys by right. Get a packet of Bob Martin's *NOW*. You can get them for 6d. and 1/- from all chemists, corn merchants, dog shops, etc.

Bob Martin's
CONDITION POWDERS
for better health, better coat, better spirits

From all parts of the South of England they rode to Eastbourne, and there took part in a gymkhana

DOWN to the SEA on Steeds!

UNTIL a few years ago the art and occupation of horse-riding was quite out of favour. So many people were concerned with rushing about the country as rapidly as possible, in cars and on motor-cycles, that horses seemed by comparison a slow means of transport.

Horse-riding, of course, is much more than a way of getting from place to place—though it is still very useful for that purpose sometimes. It is a pastime that offers a tremendous amount of pleasure and satisfaction. It is a practice requiring much skill for full enjoyment, and yet easy to begin. It is grand exercise and a delightful hobby.

Add to all this the fact that it costs less than a day's motoring to ride for a couple of hours, and offers blessed relief from the screech of brakes, the roar of exhausts, the stench of fumes—and you have the reason for a widespread return to the pleasures of horse-riding.

You cannot properly appreciate the country from the road any longer. The bridle path offers an entirely different point of view and a quiet intimacy with Nature that is both a rest and a tonic for jangled nerves.

So, every week-end, more and more people travel out of town to the innumerable stables that cater for the needs of the occasional rider. And the various horse-shows attract larger and larger crowds of onlookers anxious to watch experts in the saddle and enlarge their own knowledge of horseflesh.

The army of horse-lovers has grown so rapidly that the "National Horse Week" which concludes this week-end has been fully justified, particularly the three days' long-distance ride—something never before attempted in this country on a large scale.

Nearly 200 riders set out the other day from various towns in the South of England — Bromley, Tunbridge Wells, Chichester, Reading, Windsor and Canterbury—and converged upon Eastbourne, where they met three days later. In each case the distance covered was approximately 100 miles.

SO far as possible the various routes took in bridle paths, open country and downland, avoiding all but quiet roads.

Some riders living on the coast, who began from Eastbourne, covered a wide circle before returning to their starting point.

This ride was not intended as any kind of race or endurance test. Merely as a pleasant way of passing a few days in the open air and a chance to lavish care and consideration upon the mounts.

The entrants ranged in age from eleven to seventy-six, and were, of course, of both sexes. A Miss Dinsdale, who lives in Norway, brought her own horse over to take part.

There is much more to completing such a journey as this than any non-rider would imagine. Rather more than thirty miles a day is good going, and calls for great care of the horses if they are to arrive in good condition.

Allowing for walking, trotting and frequent halts, the sensible rider rarely averages more than five miles an hour. It is unwise to try to hurry, for that tires a horse and affects his condition very quickly.

There is no need for long-distance riders to spend all the time in the saddle. They are encouraged to dismount and lead their horses. Nothing is worse for a horse than a rider lolling about in the saddle.

At the end of each day's travel proper stabling had been arranged for, and this in no case cost more than 7s. 6d., including fodder; except in Eastbourne itself, where fodder is extra.

At every check point on the routes there was at least one veterinary surgeon, whose duty was to give permission for the ride to be continued only if the horse was sound in wind and limb. Saddlery, harness and bridles, too, were checked to make sure that they fitted properly and were clean.

Nothing was left to chance, although it is known that all considerate riders lead their horses up and down steep hills, walk themselves for at least ten minutes in every hour, and stop after the first mile to ensure that girths, saddles and harness are in order.

How very different is all this from the popular idea of riding! It means a great deal of trouble and effort on the part of riders, but that is all part of the interest of the job.

The horse has a small stomach and needs to drink and graze at frequent intervals during the day. There is no question of getting anywhere quickly on horseback—you travel in that way for the mere fun of sharing the country with your mount.

At every halt the rider should examine the horse to make sure there are no stones or nails in the feet. And on the way there should be a kind of running commentary, for a horse enjoys being spoken to.

It is an axiom of riding that the rider always thinks first of his horse. So, to wind up the many little attentions of the day, girths should be loosened and the saddle allowed to remain until the horse has cooled down. Otherwise there is danger of sore back.

This first long-distance horse ride was organised upon the same lines as a car rally. There were maximum and minimum times for covering the various portions of the route, and check-points stationed on the way.

EACH entrant received a log-card, which had to be signed by an official and the vet. on arrival at and departure from each checking point. Those entrants who arrived in Eastbourne with a properly completed card received bronze medals and were eligible for the competition for a challenge cup.

This was awarded the winner of the highest total of marks in a series of tests held as part of the horse show and gymkhana in Eastbourne the other day.

The gymkhana provided one of the most pleasant and amusing spectacles of the sporting year.

There were obstacle races, "good-night" and "football" races. T... were also displays of vaulting and ... riding by "C" Battery of the R... Artillery.

In a "good-night" race compet... had to ride from one point to ano... dismount and put on a nightdress ... cap, take up a candlestick and ma... and gallop back over hurdles to ... starting point.

In a "football" race, compet... started in line, dismounted. Each ... kicked a football in the direction ... goal, mounted and rode after his ... He dismounted, took another kick, ... so on, until the first goal was score...

THERE were also ... obstacle race and ... tests for trotting, ... sticking and other tests of skill. Alth... many of these things are amusing ... watch, they are real tests of horse... ship.

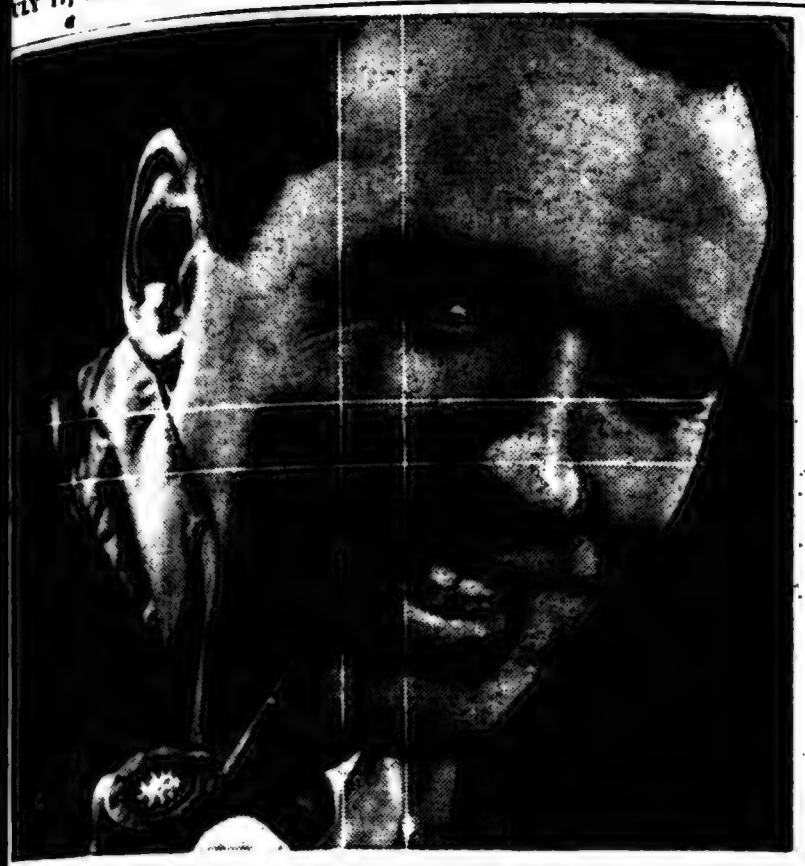
That is why all this week Eastbo... has been full of horses and horse-lo... And the wide Downs have provided ... the room required for riding in bet... times.

This, then, is an important new ... in the sporting calendar. It promise... be a success, and the long-distance ... will be held every year. The Eastbo... Corporation and the other organi... may well be proud of their achievem...

ARRESTED

—the bald spot that threatens to become ... more apparent. BRYLCREEM's tonic oils ... guard your hair against scurf, dandruff and ... scalp troubles that the hair is ... BRYLCREEM fixes and conditions the ... keeps it bright and healthy.

Change to BRYLCREEM to-day. Obtain... in bottles and tubes and the new wide ... bottles from all Chemists and Hair... dressers. Price 1/-.



It's a champion in any round!

Thirty-six holes on a sun-baked course is a strenuous test of tobacco. Thank goodness I smoke Four Square! What matter if I desert the fairway for the rough, top my drives and miss my putts, send denunciations after divots in a frenzy of lost form? Four Square will never falter! Made from the purest leaf, naturally matured and free from artificial flavouring, it stands up to all-day smoking from the first to the nineteenth hole.

FOUR SQUARE

Tobaccos and Cigarettes

Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*) 10½d.
Curlies (*Purple Squares*) 10½d.
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*) 11d.
Rope Brown (*Brown Squares*) 11d.
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*) 1/2½d
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*) 1/3d.

10½ to 1/3

Sold in the easy-to-open 1-oz. *and* 2-oz. *vacuum tins. All Blends are Medium Strength.*

ALSO FOUR SQUARE OUTSIZE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES. PACKETS: 10 FOR 7d., 20 FOR 1/2d. FLAT TINS: 25 FOR 1/6d.

SAMPLE OF ALL SIX BLENDS (1 OZ. NET) FOR 1/-, FROM ANY TOBACCONIST

George Dobie & Son, Ltd. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), Paisley, Scotland.

Basil Butler

You can place your fullest trust in goods advertised in "John Bull." They are sound and honest in value. All are covered by the "John Bull" Guarantee which appears on p. 23.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

56 new

Furnishing! Send for This FREE CATALOGUE

DON'T overlook the special offer in the Drage announcement on p. 18—it's a unique bargain at a special price!

A Free copy of "You and Your Home," an excellent Guide to Home Happiness, together with special illustrated brochure containing selection of furniture on easy terms from as low as 4/6 a month is waiting to be sent to You! Simply fill in and post the Coupon in the Drage announcement on p. 18.

Ah! Bulmer's Cider

It's as easy as ABC to remember:—
A for Apples,
B for Bulmer's,
C for Cider

10½D.
A FLAGON
(In England & Wales only. 2/- in Scotland.)

ASK FOR BULMER'S 'WOODPECKER' (medium-sweet) OR 'DRY' CIDER • FIVE FULL GLASSES TO THE FLAGON

H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Hereford. The largest Cider Makers in the World. *reyds 389*

2 Tablets of Phensic

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JOINT PAINS

Mr. H. of Heathfield suffered greatly from nerve and joint pains. He was run down with worry and responsibility. He says Phensic did him "a world of good." The first two Tablets relieved his pain completely. Rheumatic sufferers need no longer take 'reactionary' drugs or pain killers. The five ingredients in each tablet of PHENSIC banish pain, strengthen nerves, expel poisons, protect the heart, and bring restful sleep. DON'T SUFFER! Test PHENSIC NOW! 2d., 6d., 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-

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Phensic Brand

The Wonderful Tablets which Drive Out Pain

"HERE'S HOW I START MY DAY"

Shirley Temple

Star of DIMPLES

"GOODNESS, I'm hungry this morning. Guess it's 'cause my 'Puffed' Wheat looks so good. I just love it."

"UM-M-M. It tastes good too. And I can eat all I want to because it's so good for me. You'd love it with bananas or strawberries — I do."

YOU BET Shirley loves the plump, toasty grains of 'Puffed' Wheat. Try her favourite cereal yourself. See how much you'll enjoy it too.

PUFFED WHEAT

TRY PUFFED RICE TOO!

I fired blindly until I had emptied the magazine

Jungle Nightmare

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £3 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 310,345, Mr. C. J. Walsh, 40, Amott Road, Peckham, S.E.15.

IT was a stifling tropic night. I had retired to my hut early, feeling listless and morose. The Gold Coast had long since got on my nerves.

For nearly two years I had been out in that hellish country, and I was in a state of mind when I was prepared to throw up my job and return to civilised England.

There is something uncanny about the nights out there. Deep inside you feel that the country is no place for a white man, that sooner or later something dreadful is going to happen that will result in your never leaving the place.

I had had that feeling ever since I'd been out there. Already I had had fever, several species of skin diseases, to say nothing of being bitten by the countless insects with which the country abounds.

I don't want to stress the heat, the degenerate mode of living, and the months and months you live in your day-dreams, for that aspect of the African life has been told so many times before.

As I said, I had retired to my hut early. After fixing my mosquito net, I lay full length on my bed. I had been smoking and thinking of the good time I would have when I returned to England for about an hour when I heard the noise first.

It sounded as if something was trying to get in the window. The jungle night is always filled with strange noises which, after you've been out there for some time, you learn to ignore. That was why I did not take any particular notice of the noise near the window.

After a while, however, I became aware that something was in the room. It was as if the atmosphere was filled with sinister foreboding. I can't explain exactly how I felt other than by saying that I was aware that my being was gradually being pervaded by fear.

To add to my discomfort, it seemed that the jungle outside was hushed, as if everything had paused to hear or witness something that was going to happen.

As I lay listening to a faint noise, I speculated on what it could be. There had been several minor thefts in the camp, but none of the natives had so far attempted to rob the few white men present. But you never knew what might come out of the jungle.

TAKING the normal precaution, I always slept with a loaded revolver by my side, and it was second nature if you were awakened by unusual noises to grab your gun and prepare for any eventuality that might follow. That is what I did.

But I found myself afraid to sit up. You see, at the back of my mind I had an idea that I would be attacked, and that if I made a move in my bed I should be overwhelmed before I had a chance to defend myself.

As the minutes passed I became more and more apprehensive. I wouldn't have minded so much if I had known what it was in the room. But to lie there like I did listening to this faint noise that would now appear to be getting nearer to my bed and now pause, got on my nerves.

The terror, as I have said, was gradually creeping over me. Presently it made me tremble in every limb. In the end I could stand it no longer. With one leap I was out of bed, and, with my gun in my hand, I rushed out into the night.

There was a light in the chief engineer's hut some thirty or forty yards away. The sight of this relieved me.

"Good God!" he exclaimed as I entered his hut. "What the devil's the matter with you? You look as if you'd just seen a ghost."

By this time I was feeling weak and ill.

"That's the trouble," I told him. "I don't know what it is. But it's something hellishly strange." Whereupon I told him what I had heard. When I had finished he laughed.

"Aw—there's nothing wrong, old man. Got a touch of the nerves. Sit down and have a drink." He got up and poured me out a stiff whisky. "Get this down you," he added. "You'll be all right in a minute or two."

But I wasn't convinced. That there was something wrong in my hut I had no doubt.

"I don't care what you say," I said. "I'll bet you any money you like that there's something wrong."

"Have it your own way," he returned. "But we can soon settle the question." He stood up. "Come on, let's see."

When we had lit a lamp in my hut the first thing to strike our eyes was the torn mosquito net.

"It looks as if you were in a pretty desperate hurry to leave your bed," my friend commented.

"Yes," I agreed.

After giving the place a thorough search and finding nothing unusual, I decided to go to bed and think nothing more of it.

"I'm sorry to have given you all this trouble," I said as my friend left.

When he had gone, I poured myself out another drink, after which I set about repairing the net. When this was finished I got into bed again.

It was, I suppose, my overwrought nerves that made me decide to keep the light on. I felt safer now, and within a few minutes I was fully composed.

About ten minutes after I had got into bed I was startled by a scream. It was a loud, prolonged scream that re-echoed uncannily in the jungle. A second later another followed. Jumping out of bed, I dashed out of the hut.

RUNNING towards me I saw the engineer I had been with before.

"What's up?" I asked.

"It's young Bartlett," he told me.

Bartlett had only been out from England a short time. He was a young man of sensitive disposition and, like myself, fed up with the Gold Coast. He afterwards died of fever.

When we reached his hut he was sitting up in his bed looking terrible.

"What's wrong?" we asked him.

"I saw it there," he said, pointing to the window. "It was terrible."

"What was terrible?" I asked.

"The face," he replied. "It was hideous."

By the expression on his face it was easy to see that he was in the grip fever. When we had finally pacified h we gave him a sedative, and in a li while he was fast asleep.

"If anything else happens to-nig my friend said, "I shall go crazy." with that he said good-night.

How long I had been asleep befor woke up and saw those awful eyes fi on me I don't know. I had, I rem ber, been dreaming that I was walki in the green fields of England. The opened my eyes.

WITH one scream that m have awakened the wh camp, I grabbed my r for there, coiled ready to bite me, a huge snake. I fired blindly until I h emptied the magazine.

Then I saw the monster making the door. For a moment I hesitat not knowing what to do. Then I he the sound of footsteps outside. realised in a flash that if anybody ca in he would be bitten by the snake.

To warn them, I yelled at the top my voice for them to stay outsi Then I rushed over to the window pushed the wire netting through. Af this, I half fell and half scrambled o

When I joined the others, I explai rapidly what had occurred. Arm ourselves with sticks, we cautiously tered the hut and set upon the rep which we killed in a few minutes.

That ended my biggest thrill. H not left the light on, I have no d what would have happened to me.

Why we get Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Par

In most cases the trouble is that much acid is being produced by digestive organs; it burns the delic walls of your stomach, attacks your f and causes fermentation and wind. result is digestive pain, heartbu drowsiness, palpitation and even stom ulcers.

The only way to get relief is to neutra excess acid and we doctors find t the best way to do this is to tak little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after me By counteracting excess stomach a 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings blessed re from pain in a matter of minutes.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred above—is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

D 402A.

£20 FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICK LINES

1ST PRIZE £10
2ND PRIZE £5
3RD PRIZE £3
4TH PRIZE £1
5TH PRIZE £1

A lovely young Learner named May
Crashed into the back of a dray;
The driver said things
About May growing wings

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer first prize of £10 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12) WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, July 30, 1937. A list of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

Some rhymes that will help you:
Eh, bay, day, gay, hay, jay, lay, may, nay, pay, say, clay, flay, fray, grey, play, pray, slay, sleigh, pray, stray, sway, trail, weigh, affray, astray, delay, dismay, obey, portray, relay,

DIPLOMA

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire
6d. and 1/- per box

A NEW GARDEN in 10 DAYS

if you use

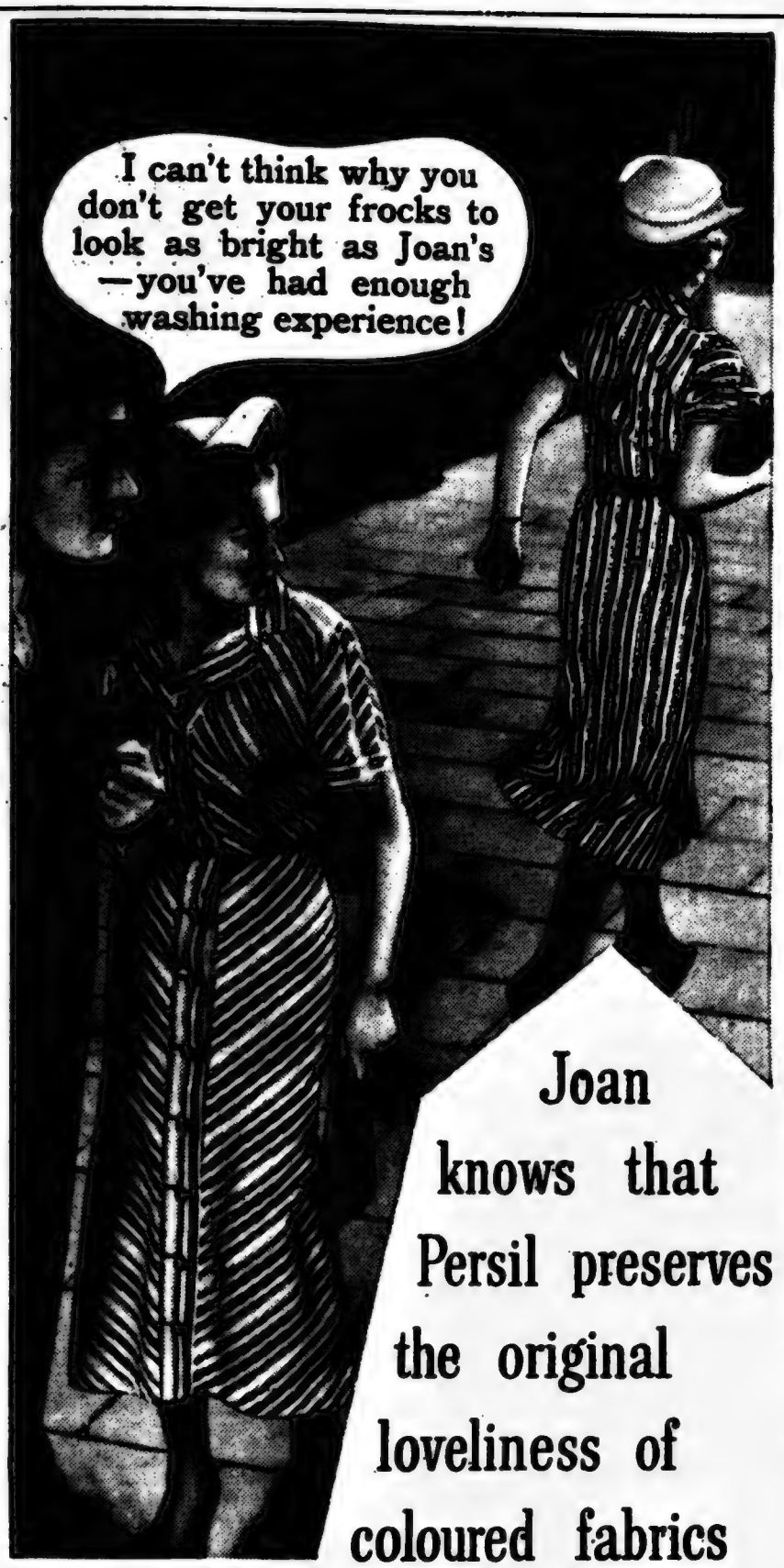
SANGRAL NOW!

SANGRAL, the soluble fertiliser, adds life-giving organic nitrogen to your soil in 6 hours. In 10 days you'll be astounded at the difference in flowers, fruit, vegetables, tomatoes and lawns. Sangral is easy to apply, economical, and above all 100% SAFE, it cannot burn or harm; applant or seedling, because it contains no chemicals whatever. No matter how poor your soil, Sangral will make it rich and productive in a few days. Make a ten-day test this week. ROSES, particularly, need Sangral now. Feed all your plants with

SANGRAL 3/- & 5/-

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER

FREE. Send a P.C. for 48-page booklet to LAGE, LTD., 1, Carrathers Street, Liverpool.



Joan knows that Persil preserves the original loveliness of coloured fabrics

When you see Persil-washed fabrics you'll wonder why you were satisfied with your present method. Just as Persil gives you the whitest wash because it makes your things perfectly clean, so, too, it's best for your colours and woollens—for these three reasons:

1. You can use Persil in cool or even cold water if colours are very delicate.

2. Persil is so thorough that little handling and no hard rubbing are needed to get out *all* the dirt.

THE AMAZING Persil OXYGEN WASHER

3. Persil's oxygen-charged soap-suds cleanse so quickly that fabrics are out of the water in the shortest time.

Keep your lovely things looking like new; give them Persil's safe and gentle cleansing.

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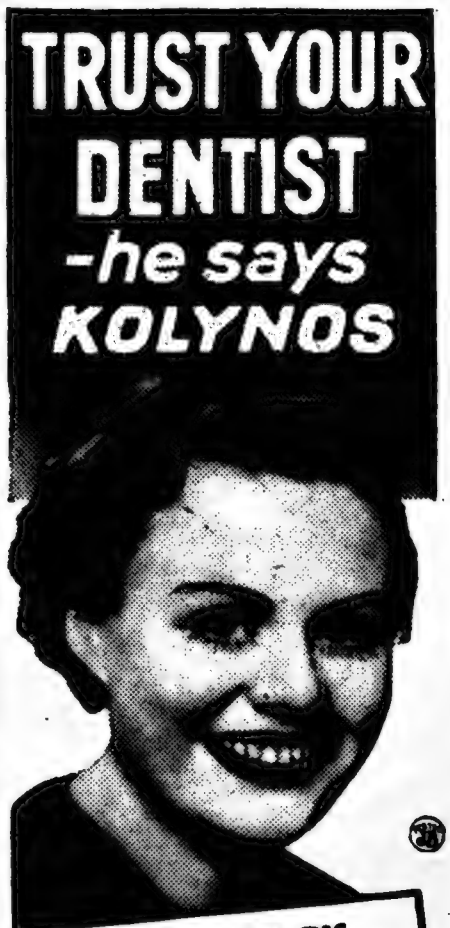
TRUST YOUR DENTIST -he says KOLYNOS



BRING BACK NATURAL WHITENESS TO YOUR TEETH

Try KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM and discover for yourself the joy of sparkling-white teeth and a healthy mouth. This antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing tooth paste will enhance the beauty of your teeth in a remarkably short time. Its pleasant foam penetrates into every crevice of the teeth, killing the germs which lead to dental decay. It will clean and whiten your teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion.

And KOLYNOS is so economical in use. Only half-an-inch on a dry brush, morning and night, will soon give the desired results.

FREE. Send for Trial Tube of Kolynos. Address: Kolynos (Dept. 87C), Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

Of all Chemists and Stores
1/9, 1/- and 6d.

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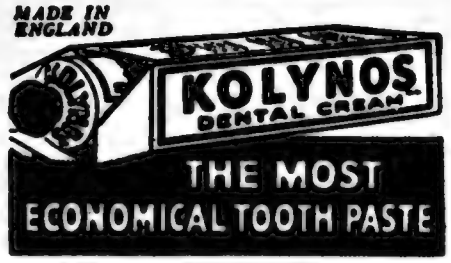


THE MOST ECONOMICAL TOOTH PASTE

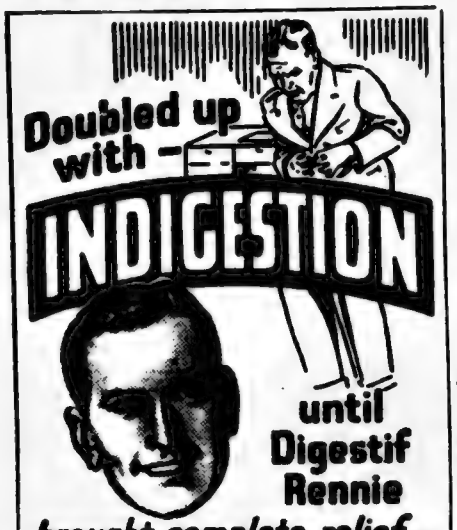
LIVER, KIDNEY & STOMACH TROUBLES

quickly relieved by Vitadatio!

If you are suffering agonising days and sleepless nights, in the most excruciating pain, what can be more encouraging to you than to read of the marvellous recovery of Mr. Moore, Rupert Road, Roby, Liverpool, who writes:—"One of the worst victims of Stomach trouble for 5 years. I have been X-rayed 19 times. I suffered agony, could not sleep. I tried most medicines without success, but Vitadatio is a really wonderful remedy. Before, I could not eat—food was a dread. Now I can eat and sleep. Life is worth living."

Vitadatio succeeds when all else fails. It will give you New Health, New Life and Happiness. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.) from VITADATIO (121) ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET



brought complete relief —

If you have heard of Digestif Rennie and have not tried them, then you must blame yourself for your continued suffering. If you've never heard of Digestif Rennie, then thank your stars you're reading this. Two 'Rennies' banish indigestion, free you from stomach gas and remove burning acidity. Read this letter :—

'I have suffered for over six years with chronic indigestion, been at times completely doubled up with terrible pains in my stomach. I had to give up work, been in four different hospitals, and have tried all kinds of treatment under the sun, all of no use till a month ago a friend of mine said to me, "Why don't you try Digestif Rennies?" I did, and after taking only two I seemed to get such relief that I was more than surprised. I began to eat just what I liked, a thing I have not done for over six years.'

10th June, 1937. B.S., Sittingbourne.

There are 15 ingredients in Digestif Rennie. They conquer the acid in your stomach. They mop up the stomach gas. They digest your food. Dissolving without water, they enter the stomach undiluted. Pain goes. Indigestion is no more. 'Rennie' Tablets are pleasanter—they taste like sweets. They are more convenient—you carry as many as you'll need. Each is wrapped in wax paper. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles are obtainable from any chemist. Get some today and say a sweet goodbye to indigestion. Trial size 6d. Family size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet.

TIRED FEET

Why suffer from hot, tired, burning, itching feet? This Summer, simply put your feet into life-giving Radox footbaths.

Read this letter :—

'I have always found Radox Bath Salts most effective, and my daughter, who is in business and has to stand a great deal, agrees with me that it is the best preparation invented for tired and aching feet.'—J.P.

Plunge your weary, hot, aching feet into a Radox footbath the moment you get home. Aches, pains and tiredness begin to vanish as soon as the life-giving oxygen released by Radox penetrates and invigorates the pores. Try it tonight. Since it is the oxygen which revives the tired feet, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other Salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in reviving tired feet than any other Salt.

1/6

Ten-Ounce Pink Packet

RADOX

BATH SALTS

Bring joyous relief to aching feet.

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's, price 1s. 6d. per 10-oz. Pink Packet; 2s. 6d. double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

Human Documents by Philip Inman

Jekyll *and* Hyde HUSBANDS

A NUMBER of my correspondents conclude their letters with these words: "Even if nothing can be done, it has relieved my mind to write to you." I try to give practical advice wherever possible. But my readers recognise that I can't perform the miraculous. I cannot, for example, make a bad man good or an extravagant wife into a thrifty one.

And yet, in spite of that fact, this page can have a definite value. The recital of human failings may lead many people to see themselves. And the acknowledgment of a fault is often the first step to correcting it. Bearing these things in mind, let us consider the troubles of three wives. The first one writes:—

I am the envy of all my friends and neighbours, for I am supposed to have a perfect husband. Oh, if only they knew! Whenever people call to see us he is the soul of friendliness and treats me with every consideration. But when we are alone it is a vastly different story. I never know a moment's peace, for he blows hot and cold.

Some days he will never speak at all, but writes down what he calls his orders. Other times he will fly into a terrible temper, and if I answer him back he will pick up anything within reach and throw it at me.

From one of his blows last winter I had a bad cut on the face, and he made me tell everybody that I had fallen on the slippery ice. I have kept silence for fourteen years, but I feel I am reaching the end of my tether.

My husband does not give me one penny for myself. He seems to think there is no need for me to have any money

◆ Seneca, many centuries ago, referred to a husband he knew in these words: "In his own home he is a savage; out of doors he is mild mannered." That seems to sum up this man. He likes to appear a decent fellow to his friends and neighbours; to his wife he is nothing but a brute beast.

This woman has tolerated his treatment for fourteen years. It is high time that she rebelled. What should she do? Well, one thing seems perfectly clear. This man will not want to be shown up for what he really is. That is quite evident from this letter.

After he had used physical violence he made her promise to hide the truth from the people around. I advise my correspondent to take a leaf out of his book. Next time he treats her roughly instead of trying to answer him back let her *write to him*. This is what she should say: "I refuse to allow your cruel treatment to continue.

"Unless from now onwards you act decently I intend to see the Police Court Missionary. And I will lay the whole facts before him." That, I believe, will lead to a change. But if there is no improvement, she should most certainly carry out that threat. Both on moral and on legal grounds no man should use physical violence upon his wife. This woman must make up her mind that her husband will do so no longer.

◆ From a cruel husband let us turn to a mean one. A young wife sends me this letter:—

I have been married two years, and we have a lovely little baby. My husband is in regular work, earning quite good money, and yet he does not give me one penny for myself. He seems to think that after he has paid the weekly accounts there is no need for me to have any money at all.

Please do not think that he is unkind to me, for I am sure he loves me, and I love him too, and we are both devoted to our little child. But what can I do to alter his meanness? I have begged for even sixpence, only to be asked what I required it for.

When once I said I wanted it just for the sake of having it, he laughed and called me a Shylock. Some weeks ago I was lucky enough to have a household hint accepted by a weekly paper for which I was paid five shillings.

It was heaven while it lasted. You may think that there must be a reason for my husband's treatment, and that possibly I am extravagant. That is not so, for I have never spent money foolishly.

◆ I have always contended that every wife who runs her home economically and well should have a certain amount of money for her own personal use. It gives her a feeling of independence and freedom.

There are cases, of course, when after paying the household and living expenses there is not much money left over. Then both husband and wife should share the sacrifice together. But in this case that does not apply. I take it that my correspondent has tactfully talked the matter over with her husband and pointed out to him how unkindly he is treating her.

If that has no effect, then there seems little else that can be done. No amount of argument can make a mean man into a generous one. But I wonder if there is some way in which she herself can earn a little money. She has already had some small success in one particular line. She may try to develop it in others.

As they say in acrostics, my first was a cruel husband, my second a mean one. Now let me complete it with an inconsiderate one.

For some time now (this wife complains) my husband has neglected me for his men friends. One man in particular seems to have a great influence over him, and as he is single he has no one but himself to consider. My husband goes with him everywhere. When I ask to be taken out—just once a week would satisfy me—he always makes the excuse that he can't afford it.

Yet he can always find money for the evenings he spends with his friends. When I try to make him see how unfair it is to put others before me, he flies into an awful temper and accuses me of nagging him. Apart from this one fault he is a good husband and father. How can I get him to give me more of his company?

Would it be policy to approach that particular friend of his and ask him not to ask him out so often? Or, as his men friends seem to mean more to him than peace and happiness in the home, should I be justified in asking for a separation? When we came to live in this town I left all my own people and I feel the loneliness very greatly.

Here are two extreme opposites. A wife who appears very reasonable. "One outing a week would satisfy me," she says. And a husband who is thoroughly selfish. He can spend money with his men friends and yet he refuses the very modest request of his wife. "Should I appeal to the man who takes up most of his time?" she asks.

That might be unwise. Her husband would no doubt resent her interference and it might lead to greater unhappiness in the home. There remains the question of a separation. Frankly, I do not think the grounds are sufficient to enforce one, and in any case I feel that it should be the very last resort. The lot of a woman living apart from her husband is seldom an enviable one.

I can only suggest that my correspondent should try to make friends of his own. That would relieve her loneliness.

Some men are contrary creatures, and when they see their women folk are not dependent upon their company they change round completely.

Mr. Inman acknowledges with thanks £3 from "Mary Ann."

Send your private problem to "Humanist" at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

What to do for your RHEUMATISM

There comes a time in the history of every Rheumatic Sufferer when he says to himself "I wonder if I am taking the right remedy!" Thousands of sufferers have asked themselves that question lately and decided that the time had come for a change.

Luckily for them they changed over to Fynnon Salt, Nature's Salt of the Earth. What a difference within a week! A new outlook on life—a new feeling of lightheartedness, a new sensation of well-being. And why! Because Fynnon Salt is so rich in the curative elements that rinse the system clear of the clogging impurities that are the very foundation of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. Fynnon Salt is a *complete* remedy. For it includes the elements of Sodium, Potassium, Lithium, etc., all the mineral salts necessary to clear out rheumatic acids. It is no one-way "half-or-miss" cure. The combined effect of all the ingredients in Fynnon Salt is so powerful and beneficial that Rheumatism seldom remains. Gently but unmistakably it passes away and stays away so long as the daily glass of Fynnon Salt is allowed to act as fairy sentinel. Fynnon Salt may be just the thing you need. You'll never know until you've tried it. 1/3 a tin from your chemist.

TO TANDEM CYCLISTS

DUNLOP SPRITE TANDEM

...ller size weighs only 23 ozs. ...ribbed tread gives minimum ...ling resistance and maximum ...p when cornering. Sizes 26" x ...' (Tandem), 26" x 1¼" (Tandem). ...ver 8/6 Tube 2/6

DUNLOP TANDEM

...o tandem sizes, 26" x 1¼" ...d 26" x 1¾". Available in either ...nduscent or black. A tyre ...ecial only to the Dunlop Sprite ...ndem. ...ver 8/- Tube 2/6

Tyre equipment is vital — and your best assurance of tyre value and service is to fit

DUNLOP

TANDEM or DUNLOP SPRITE TANDEM TYRES built for the job — by experts who appreciate the needs of the tandem rider.

The Tandem Tyres Triumphant

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World.*

C.F.H.

...LES

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS

SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

70 YEARS REPUTATION INSIST ON FENNINGS'

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" 66

ALFRED FENNINGS, *COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT*

...EW BEAUTY CREAM *dissolves away* ...SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

...n amazing new dis...very by a celebrated ...entist. A delightfully ...ented white cream, sold under the trade ...me new 'Veet,' that removes all unwant...d hair in two minutes. Simply spread it ...on the skin—wash off with water—no trace ...of hair remains. No stubble—the skin is ...soft, smooth and clean.

...Razors are old-fashioned. They only ...make the hair grow faster and thicker. ...Nasty smelling pastes and powders are ...quite out of date. With New 'VEET' ...(the latest and improved formula) hair ...removal is quick and pleasant, safe and ...easy. Successful results guaranteed or your money ...refunded. By exclusive arrangement every woman ...reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of ...NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in ...stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other ...charges. Address: Dee Health Laboratories, Ltd., ...Dept. 22), Concord Road, Acton London, W.3.

You buy with **CONFIDENCE** when you buy through **"John Bull"**

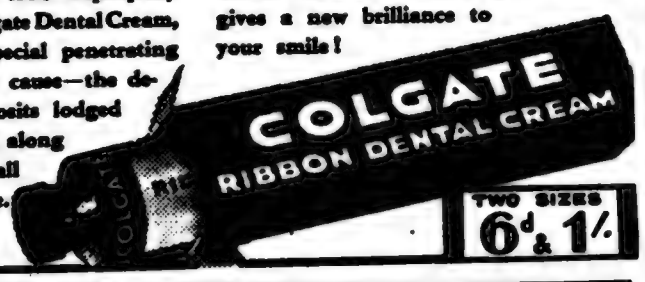
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23

NEVER MIND ! STILL LOVE YOU !
YES, I KNOW, OLD MAN. BUT SHE DOESN'T! AND I WISH I KNEW WHY . . .
A LETTER LETS TOM KNOW
HIS DENTIST GIVES TOM THE FACTS
Dear Jim— Please as your dentist, I must tell you the truth, frankly. A word to the wise is sufficient. A Friend.
THAT'S RIGHT! MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM WASHES AWAY THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
THEN IT'S COLGATE'S FOR ME IN FUTURE !
THIS COLGATE'S IS DIFFERENT! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH BEFORE!
2 MONTHS LATER

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet thoroughly, cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!



Can YOU do this?

Join the Parade of "Healthies"?

Who wants to look odd-man-out? Or feel it! If your stomach is upset, or your system the least bit irregular, remember the Golden Rule of Health, and take a course of Beechams Pills. Beechams Pills will keep your system regular — regular as the clock!

Purely Vegetable *Worth a Guinea a Box*

Yes! —if you keep regular with BEECHAMS PILLS

BRAND

'MADE MY YELLOW FALSE TEETH PEARLY WHITE'

New discovery cleans without Brushing

BEFORE AFTER

'Just a word in very great praise of your 'Steradent.' I had tried all sorts of cleaners etc., for my dentures but nothing seemed to take off that yellowish tinge. I saw your advert. so purchased a shilling tin and after two nights soaking I had new teeth. They were more comfortable in my mouth and had that nice pearly look about them, as when new. I have strongly recommended 'Steradent' to my friends and relations.' G.M.

Your false teeth need no longer look like old piano keys -stained, dull and yellow-tinged like old ivory. No matter how stained or old your dental plates are, 'Steradent' is guaranteed to make them as spotlessly clean, fresh and natural-looking as the day you first got them -and keep them that way. Simply put a little 'Steradent' powder in a glass of warm water. Stir well. Leave your dentures in it while you dress, or overnight. Stains disappear like magic—even the blackest tobacco stains of years standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Discoloured parts are made a natural-looking flesh pink. Teeth regain the clean, attractive lustre of 'live' teeth. All mucin film is removed by a powerful sterilising agent which too purifies your plates and gives them a cool, refreshing ate. No brushing. No acids. No nasty taste. Guaranteed harmless. Dentists say 'Steradent' is by far the best denture cleaner ever produced. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9. At all chemists.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1½d. in stamps for trial supply to Steradent Ltd., (Dept. I.B.7c), Kingston Works, Hull.

Steradent

ANTE-POST LONG ODDS for the STEWARDS' CUP

Send for PRICE LIST

1 2 2/6 5 10 20 £2 £5 £10

UP TO ANY AMOUNT

We Pay All Postage

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

BEARING A TRUE STAMP NOT LATER THAN THE SET TIME OF ANY RACE IN ACCORDANCE WITH RULES WILL BE ON AT STARTING PRICE OR TOTALISATOR RETURNS AS DESIRED

NO LIMIT WIN OR PLACE

Please send Stewards' Cup Price List and particulars of your Service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name

Address

J.B. 17/7/31

Town County

THE BIG TWO

DAVID COPE

227 BATH ST GLASGOW

He's Eighty-One, and He's Never Met a Woman Without Charm

AS superintendent of an insurance company which specialises in rural areas business, my duties take me into scores of agricultural workers' homes every day.

In the past three years nothing has impressed me more than the growing determination of parents in the countryside to refuse to allow their sons to enter farm service, because of the deplorable conditions prevailing as regards both wages and hours.

It is clear that the labour position in farming will be extremely serious a few years hence.—J. L. NIGHTINGALL, Wisbech Road, King's Lynn.

A similar problem is being created for the coal mining and cotton industries.

WAGES FACTS

I HAVE been astounded to learn from Government sources that the cost of building dwelling-houses is in some cases 93 per cent. higher than last year.

I am also officially informed that out of every £100 of the rise in prices, approximately £40 is attributable to materials and wages.

But how much of the 93 per cent. is actually represented by wages increases?—WILLIAM V. SMALL, Anderson Drive, Renfrew.

Only 6 per cent.

HIS VERDICT

TO-DAY is my eighty-first birthday.

I have visited nearly every country in the world, met many of the famous men and women of my time, and mixed with humanity of all grades and shades.

But I have never encountered what is called a plain, ordinary woman.

Every woman I have ever met—white, black, brown or yellow—has had some personal characteristic that gave her distinctive charm and attraction.

God bless them, one and all.—ERNEST HEPWORTH, Camden Road, Camden Town, N.W.1.

An octogenarian should know.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Rhodes Scholar

REINTRODUCED at Ascot, Rhodes Scholar gave of his best to win the Ribblesdale Stakes from Gothic and Tumbrel on a tight rein.

His best was good enough to win the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park last year, and as he has not looked back since returning to Manton from Ascot, there is every reason for his trainer's faith in his ability to repeat the Sandown performance.

None of the three-year-olds, which are so moderate, aspire to lowering the colours of Rhodes Scholar, but there is serious danger from one of his own age in His Grace.

Runner-up for the "Eclipse" twelve months ago, His Grace is the most improved four-year-old in training, and in recent gallops has been spread-eagling the testing tackle at Whatcombe.

I do not look further than the Manton and Whatcombe colts and, in declaring for Rhodes Scholar, realise that I may have taken the wrong one. A grand public record prompts the decision.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 15, to Wednesday, July 21.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M 5 R P O 92 T P U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9396PKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

FORGETFULNESS

FIFTEEN years' service in a lost property department convinces me that very few women know precisely the amount of money they have in their purses.

The experience of myself and my colleagues is that only one woman in eight has even an approximate idea of the amount of cash in a purse which she has lost or left in a vehicle.—R. F. WALLACE, Trinity Rise, Tulse Hill, S.E.

London's Lost Property Department declares that men are even worse. Only one in fifteen of them can nearly estimate money in a lost wallet or purse and their descriptions of their own raincoats, umbrellas, attache cases and so on are almost hopeless.

METAL RAMP

HOUSEHOLDERS are being appealed to, under Government auspices, to help make good an eight million tons shortage of steel for emergency defence measures.

House-to-house collections of old iron and steel are to be made everywhere.

And a cargo boat has just steamed out of the harbour of this town loaded with 300 tons of scrap metal—the second cargo of the kind which has left here in a few days.

The destination of the vessel was—Germany.—W DAWS, Plains of Waterloo, Ramsgate.

Many readers who have looked out old metal as a result of the appeal, state that junk men refuse to accept it because, notwithstanding the abnormal price of steel, the price they get at the collecting depots is too low to make collection worth while. For further aspects of the great old-iron round up, see page 20.

BROKEN WORKERS

NO claim is more pressing than that of incapacitated workers who, under the Compensation Acts, have their payments limited to a maximum of 30s. per week.

Most disabled workers, of whom I am one, receive much less than this sum, because their average earnings did not amount to more than £3 per week.

An injured man who is married and has a family receives less than he would if drawing ordinary unemployment benefit.

Yet his expenses must necessarily be much higher and his prospects of ever being admitted to industry again are more remote — F. WITHERINGTON, Downall Green Road, North Ashton, Wigan.

Workmen's compensation rates are so inadequate that great numbers of families have to seek poor law aid. Ratepayers are therefore making a big indirect subsidy to industry.

IDEAS VALUE

ONE of the principal patent agents in London to whom I have just submitted a new industrial device informs me that the largest sum made by any inventor in the last few years for a single invention has not been more than £3,000, and that the average reward for a really good patent is seldom more than £200 or £300.—HENRY CLEAVER, Churchill Road Parkstone, Dorset.

One of the greatest fortunes made by a single invention was £3,000,000 for the glass ball in aerated water bottles. Now it has been superseded.

FROM OUR READERS

TOUCH OF NATURE

MY chums and I entered a field a days ago to rest. Immediat big chestnut mare galloped towards When she reached us, the an turned round and ran back to her st ing point.

Six times she did this.

Then one of us said she might wanting to guide us somewhere.

Next time she came we followed We found a young foal caught fas narrow drainage trench, just manag to keep its head above the water.

When we had pulled the young to safety and were about to move o our mud-covered clothes, the m whinnied her gratitude.—H. E. Pa Cadley Causeway, Fulwood, Preston

Even wild animals often seek the of zoo attendants when their young in difficulties from which they ca extricate them.

HE SAYS SO

LET us be fair to Manchester and supposed grey skies.

Until three years ago I was in t ness at a well-known seaside re where I specialised in develop amateur photographers' films.

Since then I have been conducting same kind of business in Manche My total number of customers is larger than it was at the seaside, my income is 60 per cent. greater, cause the customers take more pic and fewer are spoiled by bad light.

The significance of this in relatio Manchester is best understood wh is realised that most amateur ph graphers only open the shutter when sun is shining.—VICTOR WARD, Qu Road, Manchester, 9.

An occasional kind word for M chester mustn't be grudged.

AGE BARRIERS

DURING the past month I have t particular notice of annou ments of situations vacant in Gov ment and local authorities' service It is astounding the number of t the phrase "not over thirty-f appears in them

So the barrier has been finally re against war service men!

Given this official lead, private ployers cannot now be blamed if generally adopt the "too old at fo cry.—MRS. E. GREENOFF, Crey P Shawforth, Rochdale.

Drivers Burfoot and Tom Clarke beat all speed records in the trials o new British railway locomotives a days ago are aged 57 and 63 re tively.

We invite readers to write to us o any subject of public interest, ing us in touch with the world as see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each published. Envelopes, marked "L Bag," should be addressed to "J Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.

THIS WILL ROUS YOUR LIVER

And Make You Feel Like a Million D

Here is the quickest, also the most pl way to put an end to bad breath, sour t the mouth, pimples and spots, dull head dizzy spells, biliousness, rings round the poor appetite, drowsiness, depression, arms constipation, rheumatism, and other sym of a sluggish, disordered liver.

Go to your chemist to-day and get this liver tonic—ask for WEX (fizzy fruit healt in separate envelope doses: six for 2/3d start at once to get your liver bile flowing The bile is the body's great natural antisep sweeps out the impurities which are clogg the system, making you feel fat-witted and you the mopes. After the first three dos will be amazed at the zip WEX puts into you. Stomach and intestines are cleansed and sweetened, your kidneys functi tion better, appetite comes back, eyes brighten, lost pep returns. You feel like a million dollars. Be sure to ask for WEX—in convenient envelope doses, six for 7½d. Or in 1/6d. and 2/6d. bottles. From any chemist.

NATURE'S GIFT to Men and Women...

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

...PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to both men and women, thereby prolonging the JOY OF LIFE.

...50 Tablets 1/3...

Family Size 3/- . . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . Not a Patent Medicine.

From all Chemists. Make no mistake — Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES 83 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless at many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Beautifully built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Stand Screen Radio Frequency Coils with iron Cores; British Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; Full Wave Trickle Charger; Long-life H.T. Battery; 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Wave Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Every Requirement. Carriage Paid.

Easy Payments 5/- Monthly. **£4.17.6**

IT IS VERY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. F. J. of London, W.14, writes:—"Received 83 Wireless Set in perfect condition, and was listening in just one hour. I'd no idea it could be so real and heard it are absolutely amazed at the results, tone and power. Believe me, in London here, there are Sets around me that cost more than double the price of my 83, and not half as good in comparison. I am delighted."

Mr. A. B., Ist, S.E.—"83 Radio Set arrived on Monday, and I am highly pleased with it. It certainly is a bit of all round Set."

SEND FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this outstanding Set for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

RHEUMATISM NEEDLESS SUFFERING

"These brand tablets have relieved my rheumatism more than anything I have tried."—Nurse ..... Undated. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 1208, Sussex Street, London, E.C.2. Sold by your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Mr. Nimble-foot says—

WHY WORRY?

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

How the Leg-Weary are being Made Nimble and Active by the Wonderful New Biological Remedy—Elasto.

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not A Drug, But A Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous free sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and this enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"
"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*My Doctor highly praises Elasto.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Elasto has cured my bad legs.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*Now free from piles.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*All signs of phlebitis gone.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Elasto has saved me pounds.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please print in capital letters).

ADDRESS.....

"J.B." 17.7.37 .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds

Stomach Pain gone in a minute

Here is another proof that one of the most common and painful of human ailments quickly yields to a famous remedy. Thousands of letters like this show how relief may be gained from every kind of stomach trouble.

10 years of suffering.

Scarborough.

"For the past 10 years I have suffered from terrible 'gnawing' pains in my stomach. These pains always occur between meal-times. I tried scores of different medicines without result until I tried taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. From the first dose I felt a new man. Every time these pains come on I take a dose, and in a minute or two they have vanished."—Mr. A. B.

What are your symptoms?

Do you get pains like Mr. A.B.? Do you suffer flatulence, palpitation, or the various signs of acidity which if neglected may even lead to the agony of gastric ulcers? You dare not ignore any stomach disorder. Treat yourself at once with the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Make sure of the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

on every bottle and carton. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form. It is never sold loose.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Maclean Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion. The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE.** The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, H.W.17, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON E.C.4.

LIVER & STOMACH DISORDERS

TWELVE DISTINCT HERBS BANISH GLOOM AND RESTORE JOY OF LIVING

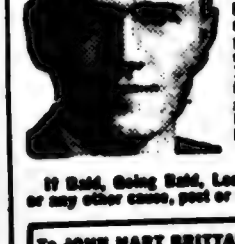
For more than 70 years Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup has been known all over the world as the finest of all family remedies for Biliousness, Pains after eating, Flatulence, Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Acidity, and other Liver and Stomach Disorders.

Remember, good health and a cheerful outlook on life are founded on good digestion. Let Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup bring these gifts to you by stimulating your Liver, regulating your Bowels and giving you new strength and new life. For Sluggish Liver, Disordered Stomach, and Impaired Digestion, there is nothing to equal this old-time herbal remedy. 1/3 and 3/- at all chemists.

It is the special combination of extracts —found only in Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

HALF-A-MINUTE!

Don't let indifferent shaving spoil your appearance. Buy the large 1s. 6d. tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream from your chemist to-day, or write to Box 326/64, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a 7-day free trial sample.



PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

MAKE BETTER CIGARETTES by rolling in

AG PAPERS

And for WHITER Cigarettes —try 'GREEN A.G.'

PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT

REFRESHING & SUSTAINING SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME FROM

VIGGORMALT

PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS

Simply add cold water

FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

Get a SHILLING tin of VIGGORMALT to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops, Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer; or send stamps or P.O. for one shilling, direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept. 77) Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX. Post free U.K. and I.F.S. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

WAS BALD

Oldham.

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair."

H. A. WILD.

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (S.S.S.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

D. O. (Herne Hill).—"Squash is very exhausting." We know.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

SCIENTIST (Highgate).—"The moon throws back the wireless waves from the earth." To be candid, we don't blame it.

M. B. (Rugby).—"I explained to my firm that there were several other companies after me." Water and gas?

ENGAGED (Dorking).—"I have just bought a cine-camera." Your fiancée will be greatly taken with it.

C. P. (Truro).—"We were both very shy and afraid to speak until we met on the skating rink." Who broke the ice first?

D. H. (Victoria).—"The ambitious young politician hopes to enjoy the sweets of office." Cabinet pudding?

CRICKETER (St. Albans).—"London wickets are always very dusty in warm weather." Running down the pitch.

H. P. (Moorgate).—"When should a successful business man retire?" Before midnight, if he wants to remain successful.

A. S. (Derby).—"I am told that if I spray my lettuces with a strong disinfectant insects will not eat them." Nor will human beings.

J. T. J. (Sunningdale).—"Personally, I wouldn't be seen on the river in anything but the good old boater." We prefer a punt.

B. C. B. (Gorton Heath).—"What is it called when the ball crashes into the wicket straight from the bowler's hand?" Out.

PERPLEXED (Gretna).—"I am engaged to a typist, but a shop girl has taken my fancy." Counter attraction?

P. P. (Plymouth).—"My sister and I came to blows over an eight-day clock, and the judge awarded her the clock." And you got the eight days?

B. T. (Egloskerry).—"When I have the window open at night, there is always something about the light which annoys me." Moths?

SHIRLEY (Eltham).—"I told her quite frankly that although it was a costume party, I thought such an enormous bustle looked ridiculous." That was always something we used to refer to behind a lady's back.

S. B. (Jarrow).—"Big hits are always cheered at cricket." Six appeal.

H. B. (Clacton).—"We sailed into the teeth of the gale." A biting wind.

Mrs. T. V. (Ripon).—"My maid always dawdles when putting the washing on the line." Just hanging it out.

S. N. (Maidenhead).—"Our waterways are free to all." In spite of locks and quays.

E. N. V. (Hendon).—"I attribute my long life to breathing deeply." And, of course, continually.

E. B. (Luton).—"The man at the top of the ladder is not always popular." Especially if he is careless with the paint-pot.

HUBBY (Barnet).—"I disapproved of my wife's clothes at first." And then you simply raved about them when you received the bill?

S. N. (London, N.).—"I know a boot-black who recently passed a stiff examination." Apparently he improved the shining hour.

F. G. (Hastings).—"He refused to hand over the insurance documents on a matter of principle." He had a policy and stuck to it.

A. A. (Barnes).—"Many people think that water is the best drink in hot weather." There must be something in it.

F. Y. (Ashford).—"It was a great shock for me when my companion suddenly turned and struck me." Came as a heavy blow, so to speak?

G. L. S. (Starcross).—"The catalogues I had to fetch were so heavy that they nearly overturned my little boat." You mean they gave it quite a list.

C. H. (Bradford).—"To those who had helped me get the balloons ready for the fete, I gave a splendid dinner." A proper blow-out, eh?

S. R. M. (Oakham).—"My son's toy aeroplane lodged in the fork of a very tall tree, so we had to leave it there." And did you have to fork out for another?

PRODUCER (Halifax).—"Practically all the members of our dramatic society are laundry girls." You should have no difficulty with the props, then.

PHYLLIS (Benton).—"Although I quickly closed my book when my employer came in he gave me notice to leave." So you lost your place.

R. D. (Ilkeston).—"Can you tell me the best thing to put on your pillow to induce sleep when you are very tired?" Your head.

W. M. (Colchester).—"I've invented a pencil which makes lines I guarantee cannot be erased by anything, but my doubting friend says it is incredible." He meant indelible.

W. R. K. (St. Leonards).—"The captain wanted the pitch rolled, but I think he would have done better to have changed his bowlers." And flattened out the opposing team.

GEORGE (Lampeter).—"When I showed the other members of the Camera Club their photos they all said my camera was an excellent one." They were taken with it.

CUEMAN (Brighton).—"My opponent in the final wore a broad grin when he kicked-off with a break of 29, but lost it when I rattled up a 30." You went one better.

SCHOOLMASTER (East Ham).—"A friend of mine always spends his vacation acting as a waiter, his job paying for his vacation in tips alone." So the change does him good.

FILM FAN (Crieff).—"Mr. Lewis Stone, the famous film actor, says that two of his best friends to-day are producers who refused to give him his start in pictures." They declined to be the first to cast a Stone, eh?

"Heads we'll say rain, tails fair a warmer."
—From "The Passing Sho

A. F. (Reading).—"I'm going abro good." Whose?

N. G. S. (Totnes).—"After all, who benefit by the agony of others?" Dre

F. N. (Highgate Village).—"A doct judged by the business he does." Pat are a virtue.

Mrs. S. (Charlton).—"What can to cure my husband of harping on beans I buy?" Refuse the stringy k

ENERGETIC (Parkstone).—"All I n to get sufficient exercise." And any can have the rest.

TOM (Swindon).—"The jockey was angry because he failed to secure inside berth." He went off the rails

TEACHER (Hull).—"What do you t of a young girl who can sing and wo That she's worth a dozen girls who c sing but will.

C. B. (Staines).—"What do you th was the result of my valuable collec of books catching fire?" Volume smoke.

POULTERER (London, E.C.).—"Fi ing ducks is a depressing job." doubt one that often makes you down in the mouth.

MARKET GARDENER (Epsom).—"Is calling one has to be very careful." must mind your peas and cucumber fact.

A. J. C. (Crewe).—"Is the cost of t really going up?" Well, not on pap There you can secure 2,500 miles of day travel for a mere sixpence.

WICKET KEEPER (Lincs).—"Consider surprise was evinced when a coup sea-gulls alighted on our pitch week." It was, of course, a plea change from the usual ducks.

BERT (Swindon).—"When I see angler returning with a full basket sometimes find it hard to believe tha has caught the whole batch." You k he may merely have bought the w catch?

(Many replies unavoidably held ov

IF you are troubled by any matter—cept, of course, of a medical nature you can obtain free expert advice that help you. A stamped and addressed velope marked "Free Advice" in all you have to send with your query. Wr to-day. The replies given here in fairn correspondents are for your enter ment.

Poisons in the Blood

caused by weak kidney act

Backache, rheumatic pains and bla weakness cause acute distress, espec during the night-time. What with scalding urine, pains across the sma the back or dizzy attacks, kidney tro destroys both peace and comfort. D makes matters worse—just so long as kidneys fail to filter the blood prop you cannot hope to be well. Stim your kidneys to renewed activity Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special Kidney tonic has achieved success throughout the world. "Th to Doans Pills all my kidney troubles vanished," "I wish I had used them earl "I know now that much of my rheuma was needless," are eloquent tributes t success of Doans Pills in relieving uri disorders, backache, rheumatism, lumb sciatica, renal dropsy and gravel.

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

THE MORNING POST:—"Mr. —— pleaded guilty on HALF of Lady ——."

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL:—"In the ladies' SINGLETS Mrs. —— entered the semi-finals with a good win . . ."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—". . . trying to frighten Marshal von Blomberg . . . by showing him our latest man-killing aeroplane and our biggest CANON."

OXFORD TIMES:—". . . was fined for failing to conform with a HALF sign at the 'Barley Mow' cross-roads . . ."

THE NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL:—"A gallant second best innings by Voce enabled Notts to BATH for four and a half hours. . . ."

FARMERS' WEEKLY:—"Educated large MIXED Farmer's Son, North Country, married . . . desires responsible post."

ive A Face Powder ®
Party *at your home*

matter what colour face powder
u use, it may be the wrong colour
. A certain blonde may look far
by using a brunette powder, and a
tte by using a blonde powder. The
rtain way to know is by trying
lour on one side of your face and
r colour on the other side. Let us
you free a special box of powder
x packages of different colours
y them alone or with a few of
iends and see what a difference

Poudre Tokalon mousse of cream powder is nade in new and strikingly beautiful colours to suit every complexion. It is air-floated, invisible and waterproof. Daily newspapers said that two American girls in the Olympic swimming contest, who used waterproof "make up" had immaculate complexions even after immersion. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses and we will send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six packages of different colours. Also Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 222B), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. Poudre Tokalon is sold everywhere at 6d. and 1/- per box.

Wonderful Recovery From Rheumatoid Arthritis

From Our Special Health Investigator,

Royston Greene.

Standon, Friday.

The wonderful recovery from crippling rheumatoid arthritis and other health troubles of Mrs. Woodley of Standon Friars is the one topic of conversation in this charming rural community.

Once again it is the world famous Dr. Cassells Tablets which have performed the seemingly impossible! And when I called upon this happy lady this afternoon, I heard a story which will arouse hope in the hearts of every suffering man and woman.

"I am most delighted to be able to tell all other sufferers of the wonderful power of Dr. Cassells Tablets!" she said.

"Just tell me how your trouble commenced, Mrs. Woodley," I remarked.

"For two years," she began, "I was crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. I lost the use of my hands completely and although I attended hospital three times a week for electrical treatment, I did not get any better. Naturally, I could not work and the pain I suffered was terrible."

"It affected your health in many other ways, Mrs. Woodley?" I interjected.

"It broke me up completely!" she replied. "I could not sleep through the pains, my nerves became shaky and eventually I got into a very poor state of health! Life seemed not worth living!"

"And what then?" I prompted.

"When I had almost reached the end of my endurance," she continued, "I found Dr. Cassells Tablets! Before long I began to recover the use of my hands. The awful pains stopped: my health improved: my nerves were strengthened and the sleep I had at night was sound and undisturbed! From the bottom of my heart I praise Dr. Cassells Tablets. I shall continue to recommend them to all I know."

Mrs. Woodley demonstrated to me how completely she had recovered. There was no sign that she was once crippled by that terrible trouble.

THOUSANDS BENEFIT!

Every day thousands of people are benefiting from the marvellous formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets. No suffering man or woman should deny themselves the glorious health which Dr. Cassells Tablets can so surely bring! If YOU are a victim of—

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES"
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

Get a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets NOW

Sold Everywhere, 6d. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

AKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

d tiomel—and you'll jump out of the morning full of vim and vigour

should pour out two pints of liquid bile system daily. If this bile is not flowing your food doesn't digest. It just decays s. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get ad. Your whole system is poisoned, and you , rash, and the world looks punk.

ons help a little, but a mere bowel movement et at the cause. It takes those good old Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two bile flowing freely and make you feel "up " Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making y. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Refuse anything else. 1 3d. and 3/-.

EWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS.

e are some special offers which should not overlook:—

Free Cookery Book which every mistress will find exceptionally useful. (PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

Special 32-page illustrated brochure available to all home lovers and those interested in furnishing. (PAGE EIGHTEEN.)

A copy of a 40-page book illustrating dishes which can be exchanged for coupons from a famous Cocoa. (PAGE TWELVE.)

Readers who are leg weary can secure a sample and booklet explaining a new remedy. (PAGE THIRTY-THREE.)

Women can obtain a special box of face powder and skin foods. (SEE PAGE OF PAGE.)

A free trial tube of a well-known toothpaste. (PAGE TWENTY-NINE.)

A valuable offer of a new Denture Powder. (PAGE THIRTY-TWO.)

£20 in prizes for best last line to a limerick. (PAGE TWENTY-NINE.)

ow This FREE PATTERN BOOK

readers should get a free copy of "Notions Needlework" 1937, a useful and valuable book new patterns and embroidery transfers. Simply d 2½d. to BERLEIN and SONS, Ltd., 2, E.C. Offer appears on page 23.

These SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS *Give Prompt Relief*

Send for them to-day!

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW (Prescription No. 1982/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 10/6.**

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B.119), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.4

Descriptive Book (J.B.296). post free.

FRAZZLED NERVES

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for "Blue Lion Pax Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 1/- (25), 3/6 (90), 8/6 (72), 6/6 (144).

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.119), 40, KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.4

Descriptive Book (J.B.320), price 2d., post free.

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

Dispensing Chemists.

(Dept. J.B.X.119), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

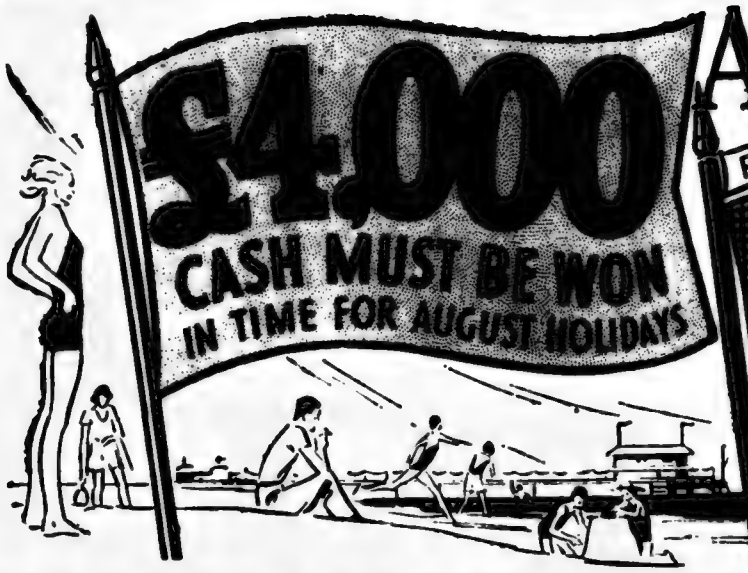
At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 3 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Why suffer BOILS?

Have you tried Burgess' Lion Ointment, famous for 70 years? Mr. T. A. W. (Lancs) writes: "I suffered agony from Boils, Abscesses and Whitlows; and it was not until I tried Burgess' Lion Ointment that I found relief."

The safe, sure, trusty healer for Boils, Carbuncles, Poisoned Wounds, Abscesses, Polypus, Piles, Eczema; and successful even with obstinate cases of Bad Leg. Get a box from your chemist—1/3, 3/-, 5/-.

LION OINTMENT 1/3



All the Flags are flying fo

FIRST PRIZE

£2,000 Cash

OR

£5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

JUST FOR A HALF-HOUR'S WO

LAST DAYS TO POST YOUR SQUARES

TIME is now short for entering "John Bull's" colossal £4,000 Holiday Crossword—but you can spare a few minutes to picture something which may change your whole life.

If your squares reach Long Acre by Saturday, July 24, a staggering Joy Wire may well come to you on Friday, July 30, announcing you the winner of £2,000 cash or a £5 Weekly Life Pension!

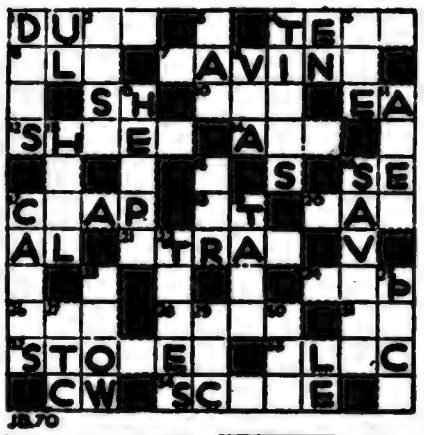
This mighty First is supported by a Second Prize of no less than £1,000 cash—yes, a Second Prize which is enough to provide big holiday cheques for scores of our readers!

Two further sums of £500, to be distributed in Holiday Cash Bonuses as announced, complete this colossal £4,000 Offer—and every winner of £10 up to £2,000 will learn the good news by wire just before the August holiday. Only if your entry is in by Saturday, July 24, can your name be on one of those Holiday Joy Wires six days later!

FINAL COUPONS THIS WEEK—BE QUICK!

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 70. Closing SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1937.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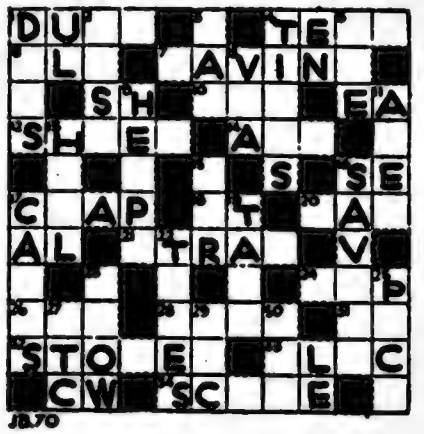
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In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

£500 BONUS COUPON

I have affixed four 1½d. stamps below for payment of postage on:—

☐ 12 weeks' supply of *Crossword Gazette* and *Bullets Bulletin*.

☐ 12 weeks' extension of my present supply.

Mark X in either square above according to which service you require.

I enclose my entry (1, 2, 3, 4 or more coupons) for Crossword No. 70—please register me for share of £500 Holiday Bonus with any cash prize I win in this Contest.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

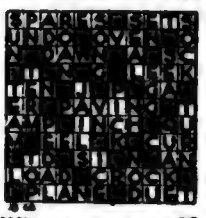
YOU MUST affix 1½d. stamp here	YOU MUST affix 1½d. stamp here	YOU MUST affix 1½d. stamp here	YOU MUST affix 1½d. stamp here	THIS COUPON IS VALID ONLY UNTIL SAT., JULY 24

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

CROSSWORD No. 68.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on right.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's 'Crossword Gazette.' Secure your free weekly copy by using £500 Bonus Coupon below.



Winners on page 38.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Careful arrangement is necessary for one
4. Road-side cafe is sometimes asked to serve
6. Not well
7. Easier for hairdresser who employs modern equipment
10. Usually fastened round collar
12. Clipper has more than one requiring attention
14. Boxer uses, to avoid blows
17. Applaud
18. At end of boat
20. Card player usually has for bridge
21. Frequently to be seen on bonnet
24. It's sometimes wise to take this when on walking tour
26. Slippery fish
28. Final
31. Commences gaily
32. Bargains in these are sometimes seen advertised in daily papers
33. Boy's name in dialect
34. Good ghost story will, especially if lights are low

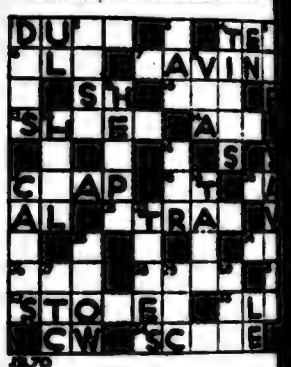
CLUES DOWN

1. Are sometimes difficult to get at seaside resort because of August crowds
2. Besides in Winchelsea
3. It's annoying to sit down on one in arm-chair
4. Rows of seats in theatre
5. Grow old
8. By way of
9. What cafe proprietor sometimes has to wash up when business is brisk
11. Tree woodman cuts down is usually this
13. Tourist will find it interesting to stop and look over
15. Is occasionally licked by cat
16. Uncivilised
17. In which people are often fiercely attacked
19. They must be hardened to do their work
22. Fairy stories are frequently told in nursery ones
23. When boxer gets this, his seconds may become anxious
25. It's often difficult to follow this
27. Short for etcetera
29. Army Service Corps
30. Sailor

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE.

For this special Contest only, you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Other squares appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send penny postcard to "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette Dept. 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

KEEP YOUR COP
ON SQUARES BEL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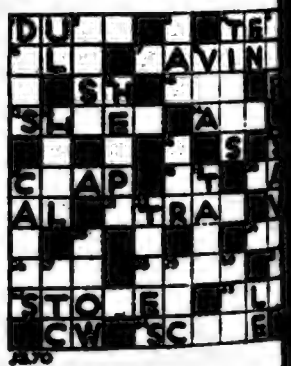
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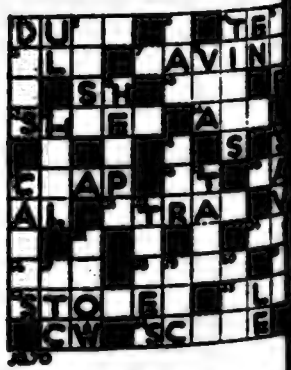
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JB.70

John Bull's Monster Crossword HOLIDAY OFFER!

Closing Saturday, July 24

RESULT FEW DAYS LATER

Telegram to First Prize-winner and all other winners down to £10 will be sent on Friday, July 30—just before the August Holiday.

SECOND PRIZE **£1,000 Cash**

£500 BONUS BETWEEN ALL CASH WINNERS FROM WHOM 'JOHN BULL' receives four or more coupons (8 squares) in same envelope and bearing same name and address

£500 Extra between Cash Winners who have enclosed with entry the £500 Bonus Coupon provided completed as instructed

70

THIS ENTERTAINING PROBLEM

P YOUR COPIES QUARES BELOW

CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

PRESENTED on these pages is the seventieth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 5, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on opposite page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one share of the total of £3,000 prize-money in this Contest will be allowed to any one entrant, nor more than one share of each of the £500 Bonuses.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. For four coupons (eight squares) send TWO SHILLINGS. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than **Saturday, July 24.**

2.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, August 5. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First or Second Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 10, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £2,000 cash will be paid.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 70—CLOSING SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1937

JB.70

JB.70

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 70—CLOSING SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1937

JB.70

JB.70

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No.....

ENTRY FEE for 6 Squares 1s. 6d.

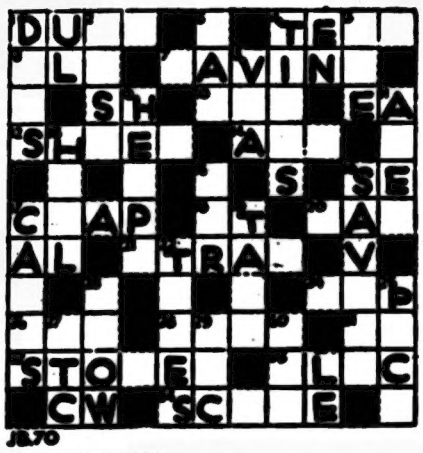
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 70—CLOSING SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1937



JB.70

JB.70

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No.....

ENTRY FEE for 8 Squares 2s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

REMEMBER YOUR £500 BONUS COUPON ON PAGE OPPOSITE

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 70, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

"I WONDER if everything is all right at home," said his wife.

"Of course everything is all right, my dear." He settled himself more comfortably in the deck chair and for a few seconds watched their kiddies making a sand castle. Then he spoke: "Our home is absolutely safe. You've forgotten that it's covered by 'John Bull's' Free Insurance. Now confess, you were worrying needlessly."

"I confess," she said, smiling with relief, for she *had* forgotten "John Bull."

UNIQUE BENEFITS.

Registered readers of "John Bull" enjoy a carefree holiday, for "John Bull" is the *only paper in the world* to safeguard their household effects against damage by Fire, Storm and Flood as it is the only paper to pay Sickness Benefits.

"John Bull" also provides against loss by burglary.

Remember too "John Bull's" Insurance also pays benefits for accidents on the sports field, children's accidents and accidents in the home which, under our special holiday protection concession, is extended to include the house or hotel at which you are staying.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, if they can show that they bought the paper while away, and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery immediately upon their return.

Use forms below NOW!

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 17/7/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 17/7/37.

A Free Cookery Booklet of special interest to every housewife

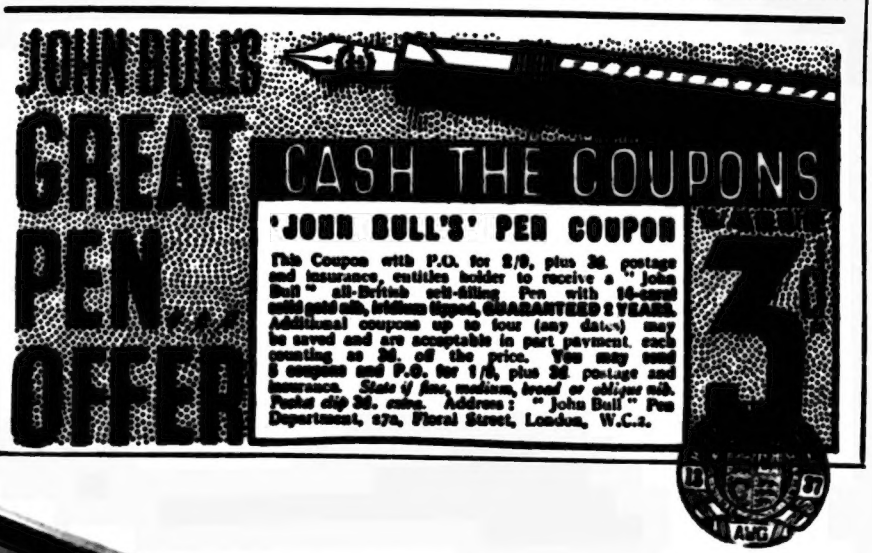
"A LESSON IN PASTRY MAKING"

DON'T overlook the unique opportunity to secure a copy of this very useful book. You will learn why faults occur and how to avoid them—how to get perfect results with the least trouble. Every housewife and cook ought to have this valuable reference book. Send for your free copy now by filling in your name and full postal address in the coupon on p. 23.

£20 in Cash Prizes FREE!

For best Last Line to Limerick on page 29.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA CHEESE" offer a first prize of £10 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 29. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, July 30. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Posted ship 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 270, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

He's won a WORLD CRUISE in "Bullets" No. 1,077

First Prize: World Cruise, £6 Weekly for Life and £1,250—or 3,000 Guineas Cash

A. W. BAXTER, 28, Oakfield Road, Ilford, Essex.

Example: NEVILLE'S JOB
Bullet: "LANDING" PROSPERITY WITHOUT "ROD."

SECOND PRIZE, £200:

W. S. JOHNSON, 43, Waverley Road, Reading, Berks.
Example: Poor Children
Bullet: Sight, Seeing Them Sight-seeing.

THIRD PRIZE, £100:

S. PLATT, 6, Kendal Road, Stretford, Manchester.
Example: Golden
Bullet: Calf, Makes Man "Butcher."

OTHER PRIZES:

£50: G. W. DUMBRELL, 38, Brampton Road, Eastbourne.
When We Recover—"Better Feeling" Often "Dies."

£25: A. THOMPSON, 3, Glassbrook Road, Rushden, Northants.
Fido Thinks—One End—Thanks, Other!

£20: A. H. J. EUSTACE, 7, Foxenden Road, Guildford.
Deserves More—"Defence," Worker's "Little Kingdom."

£18: W. A NICHOLS, 62, Union-Lane, Cambridge.
Poor Children—You'll "Find Happiness Among."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: J. CRANE, 45, Bath Street, Hulme, Manchester.
The Right Stamp—Not Right, Unemployment "Stamping."

£14: R. SOPER, 92, Glebe Road, Cambridge.
Father Knows—"Sonny." But Not Son.

£12: F. O. TENCH, 19, Fullwood Crescent, Holly Hall, Dudley.
Flooded With Sunshine—Dim Church, To Granny.

£10: C. TAMKIN, 76, Chessington Way, West Wickham, Kent.
Bachelor Girls—Philosophical—Fellows So Pickle.

£9 10s.: Mrs. A. CHISWELL, 17, Acre Place, Devonport.
Ruined His Health—Standing, Eating—Sitting, Drinking.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: F. WILLFORD, 1, First Holme Lane, Sutton-on-Trent, Newark.
Tide Of Prosperity—Quins—"Troubled Sea," Twins!

£8 10s.: A. CALLAND, 110, Yorkland Avenue, Welling, Kent.
Clean Hands—Ears, Neck—Sonny's "Fallen"!

£8: J. STEELE, 5, Newstead Terrace, Moss Lane, Timperley, Ches.
Pleasant Prospect—"Going Away" Coming Nearer.

£7 10s.: W. J. DANIEL, 22, Rgent Street, Treorchy, Glam.
To Pacify Her—Bought Dog—Pacifying That!

£7: J. POGG, 41, Abbotsford Road, Bolton, Lancs.
When I Have A Holiday—I'm Still "Builder's Labourer."

£6 10s.: A. NUTTALL, 9, Branston Street, Rastrick, Brighouse, Yorks.
Write To Your M.P. And—Communicate With The *Half-dead*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6: Mrs. A. E. ELLIS, 7, Bay View Road, Colwyn Bay.
Shoulder To Shoulder—Sharing Pictures—"Sharing" Pictured.

£5 10s.: M. C. ELLIS, 7, Park Row Gardens, Merthyr Tydfil, Glam.
Pleasant Prospect—When Cigarette Replaces Thermometer.

£5: R. LOVE, 166, Main Street, Glasgow.
Opportunity For All—*After* Auntie Boarded Bus!

A list of 99 £1 and 999 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

FOR NON-WINNERS ONLY

ALL cash and other prizes won in our World Cruise Offer No. 1,077, result of which appears above, will reach recipients during week ending July 17.

If you were not amongst the cash prize-winners, remember that you are *for this reason* eligible to enclose with your entry for this week's big Holiday Offer the £100 Bonus Voucher provided on this page exclusively for JOHN BULL readers.

No "Bulleteer" who won a cash award in the World Cruise Offer may use this Voucher; this fine extra sum of Holiday Cash is solely for the benefit of entrants who missed a cash prize in that Contest.

YOUR 2,500-MILE T... INCLUDES VISIT TO VE...

WIN the £600 fortune headin... fine *Bullets* holiday pi... opposite and you will ... with a chosen companion on a W... Tour, as JOHN BULL'S guests. ... ing the Channel to Ostend, ... will travel to Brussels for a t... stay. Next you will be in Ger... exploring the beauties of Co... lovely Wiesbaden, romantic Hei... and historic Munich.

Through the Bavarian Alps yo... motor on to Garmisch and P... kirchen. Then a day at Innsbru... Austria, on your way to revel in V... and Milan. Leaving Italy for Sw... land, you will motor from L... round Lake Maggiore, and ... Lucerne will drive to the ... Glacier.

Two days of fascinating sight... in Paris, including, of course, a... to the International Exhibition... conclude your tour. Then ho... enjoy that £600 fortune!

3 BIG CHEQUES W... IN CROSSWORD N...

In connection with JOHN BULL Crosswo... the Adjudication Committee decided t... senders of the most meritorious Set of ... on one Square (see page 3) were the ... three competitors:—

H. Lawrence, 33, Marshalls Road, Northants.

Mr. McDermott, 93, Main Road, Sidc...

H. J. Parker, 14, Dale Green Road, L...

Subject to the Terms and Conditi... Competition, these competitors share t... Prize of £800, and a cheque for £2... will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that ... mitted a Square eligible for a share of t... must demand a Scrutiny by not later th... Post, Tuesday, July 20, sending £1 Scru... copy of all Squares submitted and Pe... number. Envelope to be registered, ... "Scrutiny" and addressed to the C... Editor of JOHN BULL.

No scrutiny can be undertaken in c... with the £150 Award to Runners-up. T... has been divided between 61 competit... whom we received Squares inferior ... reason of only one less apt and accurat... compared with the best Squares receiv... entrants will each receive £2 2s. 5d. ... these Runners-up can be seen at the J... offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each ... entrants from whom we received a ... differing from Squares of Runners-up ... one less meritorious Answer will be p... week.

EXCLUSIVE TO 'JOHN BULL' RE...

£100 BONU...

CERTIFICA...

FOR ENTRANTS WHO SECU... NO CASH PRIZE IN

WORLD CRUISE CONT... "Bullets" No. 1,077

I certify that I entered but won no cash ... in above Contest; please register me ... share of £100 extra Bonus with a £2... award of 30s. or more which I secu... *Bullets* No. 1,031, for which I enc... efforts.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

(Available only until Sat., July ...

He's off this week FOR A 2,500-MILE EUROPEAN HOLIDAY TOUR WON WITH £500 IN "BULLETS"

YOU CAN BE NEXT!

Winner of this prize was Mr J. P. Brandon, 1, Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland.

BULLETS HOLIDAY PRIZES INCREASED FOR THIS WEEK ONLY TO VALUE OVER £1,100

£600 CASH PLUS EUROPEAN HOLIDAY TOUR FOR TWO

Belgium—Germany—Austria—Italy—Switzerland—France—you see them all on this Wonder Tour with a companion at "John Bull's" expense.

£50	£25	£20	£15	£10	£9.10	£9
£8.10	£8	£7.10	£7	£6.10	£6	£5.10
£5	£4.10	£4	£3.10	£3	£2.10	30 of 30/-

500 of 2/6 | 2,000 DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS | 8,000 "STAR TARGETS"

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT JULY 24

50 HOLIDAY SUITCASES

Superb Expanding Model in pigskin with each Holiday Cheque for 30s. up to £50.

YOU CAN WIN THAT FORTUNE AND CELEBRATE WITH A 2,500-MILE TOUR!

THIS week Mr. J. P. Brandon, 1, Railway Cottages, Grangestown, Sunderland, starts on a free 2,500-mile Tour of six countries of Europe with his sister. This is part of the 2-in-1 First Prize captured by this young shoe salesman in *Bullets* Competition No. 1,036.

The First Prize-winner in the splendid one-week Holiday Offer announced to-day, the cash reward will be not £500 but a £600 fortune—and you also will receive an invitation to enjoy a thrilling European Tour of 2,500 miles with a chosen companion, all at JOHN BULL'S expense.

This Contest's greatly increased prize-list, with its remarkable range of awards totalling £1,100 in total value, includes another big seasonable attraction. With each of the 50 supporting Holiday Cheques from 30s. right up to £50, JOHN BULL will present a superb expanding suitcase in real pigskin, thus combining both to pack up your troubles with a case to pack up your holiday needs.

Remember this important point. Last week's special *Bullets* directions, enabling you to make efforts of five or six words as well as of the normal two, three or four, *do not apply to this week's Contest.* For this Contest and until further notice all *Bullets* must consist of the normal two, three or four words.

N.B.—If you were an entrant for *Bullets* No. 1,077, but none of the cash prizes described this week arrived for you, remember to enclose with your entry for current Holiday Offer No. 1,081 the £100 Bonus Certificate from opposite page.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ slowly through the list of Examples, marking those which especially appeal to you. Transfer these to your working sheet and jot down opposite each one all the rough ideas it suggests to your mind.

You have now to cut down, polish and improve each rough idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, developing the meaning into some apt and original statement.

Suppose that you had decided to work on the Example BOMBED; against it you might well have placed the rough thought, *Unless We Show Aggressors We Bombs*, from which you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, BOMBED—UNLESS WE "EXPLODE" FIRST.

On the opposite page you will find the following *Bullets* in our 1,077th Contest. Study them carefully, start on your own lines and be sure that your entry is in the post on or before Saturday, July 24.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words only to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,081)

WHEN POVERTY'S ABOLISHED
IF WE LIVED IN SPAIN
CONQUEST OF DISEASE
MAKING MUNITIONS
IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY
MOTHER'S A DEAR, BUT
TO PLEASE THE TAXPAYER
CARRYING THE LUGGAGE
IN BORROWED PLUMES
SHOCK FOR THE LANDLADY
IN SANDY'S RESTAURANT
WITH A SQUEEZE

BOMBED	TIGHT-FISTED
NEGLECTED WIFE	HOSPITALS
INGRATITUDE	HYMN OF HATE
SWINDLING	BAD HABIT
WELCOME BREAK	UNTIRING
"HOME AGAIN!"	SWEPT AWAY

NOW DAD'S ON THE COUNCIL
WHAT THE GUARD SAID
ABOVE SUSPICION
CAUSED A STAMPEDE
HENPECK LOST HIS TEMPER AND
IN A BAD WAY
HE'S A STICKER, SO
ONE—TWO—THREE
TREAT FOR SONNY
HOW TO SELL MORE
BENEATH THE GRIME
SPOILT HIS CHANCE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,081) Closing postmark SAT., July 24. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,081) Closing postmark SAT., July 24. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words ONLY.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,081) Closing postmark SAT., July 24. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,081) Closing postmark SAT., July 24. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,081 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENVELOPE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 1½d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon addressed to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 50, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co.". Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,081, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Wonderful HEALTH STORY of Capt. CROUCH!

YEAST-VITE Is Life

READ HIS GRATEFUL LETTER!

78, Bridge Road, Hammersmith, W.6.

Dear Sirs,

As owner of several pleasure steamers and captain of "The Royal Princess," I come into contact with hundreds of people during the course of each day, and countless numbers of them are always saying to me, "*Captain Crouch, you are the most cheerful and healthy man I have ever met! What is your secret?*" And the answer I always give is "*Yeast-Vite*"!

Absolutely Worn Out!

Two or three years ago I thought my health was cracking up—ship-wrecked! I had been going at it pretty hard and what with my boats and business details connected with them, I suppose I overdid it.

Anyway, I got nervy and began to get severe attacks of painful stomach trouble. Before the day was half done I would feel headachy and absolutely worn out and what with worrying about my health and how I should carry on, I would lie awake half the night with all sorts of unpleasant thoughts running through my mind. *A very serious position!*

Passenger's Good Deed!

One day I was on the bridge and I hardly knew how to hold up my head, so severe a headache did I have. I had to hand over to my second-in-command and as I went down on to the deck a passenger said to me, "*Captain, you don't look well!*" I told him what was the matter and out from his pocket came a bottle of Yeast-Vite. "*No need to suffer,*" he said. "*Take a couple of Yeast-Vites!*"

Better In 15 Minutes!

I did and within fifteen minutes I was up on the bridge again feeling as fresh as a daisy! Headache entirely gone! Mind brighter and more alert! I then and there decided to take a course of Yeast-Vite and within a very short time they had removed all my health troubles! I had sound sleep at night. All the worries and anxieties faded away! My stomach trouble disappeared completely and I have been my old cheery energetic self ever since! In fact I have never felt so fit in my life!

Yours sincerely,

(Capt.) A. CROUCH.

HOW HE WAS FREED FROM PAINFUL STOMACH TROUBLE HEADACHES, NERVES & INSOMNIA BY Yeast-Vite *Brand Tablets*

ONCE again YEAST-VITE has proved itself to be the World's Wonder Tonic! To-day we are able to give the Public the wonderful Health Story of that well-known figure, Captain Crouch. Read the story told in his own grateful words. Consider the significance of this amazing letter.

Swiftly, dramatically and in the most emphatic manner YEAST-VITE freed him from the bondage of pain and suffering and made him bubble over with cheeriness, happiness and health!

Let this record quick tonic do the same for *you!*

If YOU are suffering in any way YOU, too, should at once invoke the aid of YEAST-VITE. Take two Tablets NOW and experience for yourself what a remarkable difference this World's Wonder Tonic can make to you!

Pain flies swiftly before its magic influence.

The agony, the worry and distress of stomach trouble is ended, often after all else has failed.

That awful jumpy, jangled nerviness becomes a thing of the past!

You feel buoyant, energetic!

You feel that life is worth the living!

Let your own feelings tell you the wonderful truth!

Accept without delay our offer of 'No Cure—No Pay.'

YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 Mins.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 Mins.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 Mins.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 Mins.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 Mins.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 Mins.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 Mins.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 Mins.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 Hours

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere.

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